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## REVIEWS

*An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.* By E. W. Lane. 2 vols. Charles Knight.

THESE volumes contain the most complete account of the social condition of modern Egypt that has yet appeared. Mr. Lane's knowledge of Oriental languages, and, still more, his judicious adoption of Oriental habits, procured him facilities for acquiring accurate information such as few travellers have possessed. His work is an interesting picture of domestic manners, particularly valuable at a time when the agricultural and commercial capabilities of Egypt are daily assuming fresh importance; and that long-neglected country seems destined to become, once more, the *entrepôt* of trade between the eastern and western worlds. While Mr. Wilkinson is preparing to illustrate the private life of the Egyptians in the remote age of the Pharaohs, and to portray the social state of "the land of wonders" three thousand years ago, Mr. Lane has drawn a picture of the present state of society, scarcely less curious, and certainly more practically useful. We trust, that ere long the publication of Mr. Wilkinson's labours will enable us to compare ancient and modern usages.

We shall now endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the actual state of the Egyptian population, especially in the city of Cairo, using Mr. Lane's volumes as our principal authority, but by no means confining ourselves to them exclusively. The city itself is thus briefly described by Mr. Lane:—

"The metropolis occupies a space equal to about three square miles; and its population is about two hundred and forty thousand. It is surrounded by a wall, the gates of which are shut at night, and is commanded by a large citadel, situated at an angle of the town, near a point of the mountain. The streets are unpaved; and most of them are narrow and irregular: they might more properly be called lanes."

This description is applicable to most Oriental cities; but there is one peculiarity of Cairo that deserves to be noticed, its freedom from the destructive fires so common in the East. The scarcity of timber in the part of Egypt where the capital is erected, restricts its use in building; there are no frame or shingle houses; wood is only used in flooring. The wood most commonly employed is the palm, the planks of which do not burn readily, and, for the most part, carbonize without flame. During the second revolt of Cairo, when the French were in Egypt, Kleber poured upon the city a storm of shells and red-hot balls, the hundredth part of which would have reduced any other eastern metropolis to ashes, but which did very little mischief to the Egyptian capital. On this account the population of Cairo is not liable to the fluctuations so common in the East; fire, the great source of those changes, has no influence, and the vacancies occasioned by plague are soon supplied from the neighbouring villages.

Of the 240,000 inhabitants, about 190,000 are supposed to be Egyptian Moslems, 10,000 Copts, 4,000 Jews, and the rest strangers from various countries; but this census is merely conjectural,—it may, however, be taken as a near approximation to truth. The Egyptian Moslems are descended from the Arab tribes, and families

that have settled in the country since the first Saracenic conquest, mixed, however, with Copts and other proselytes. Many of their usages belong to the whole body of Mohammedan nations, at least to all of Arabian descent, and have been described by Dr. Russell in his history of Aleppo, and by the lamented Burckhardt; we shall, therefore, chiefly confine ourselves to the matters peculiar to Egypt. Since the age of the Fatimite Khaliphs, the education of youth has nominally engaged much attention; but the quantity of instruction given is very limited, being rarely more than the art of reading, or rather reciting, the Koran. Mr. Lane tells an amusing anecdote of a schoolmaster who was unable to read:—

"Being able to recite the whole of the Koran, he could hear the boys repeat their lessons; to write them, he employed the head boy in the school, pretending that his eyes were weak. A few days after he had taken upon himself this office, a poor woman brought a letter for him to read to her from her son, who had gone on pilgrimage. The teacher pretended to read it, but said nothing; and the woman, inferring from his silence that the letter contained bad news, said to him, 'Shall I shriek?' He answered 'Yes.' 'Shall I tear my clothes?' she asked; he replied 'Yes.' So the poor woman returned to her house, and with her assembled friends performed the lamentation and other ceremonies usual on the occasion of a death. Not many days after this her son arrived, and she asked him what he could mean by causing a letter to be written stating that he was dead. He explained the contents of the letter, and she went to the schoolmaster and begged him to inform her why he had told her to shriek and to tear her clothes, since the letter was to inform her that her son was well, and he was now arrived at home. Not at all abashed, he said, 'God knows futurity! How could I know that your son would arrive in safety? It was better that you should think him dead than be led to expect to see him, and perhaps be disappointed.' Some persons who were sitting with him praised his wisdom, exclaiming, 'Truly, our new teacher is a man of unusual judgment!' and, for a little while, he found that he had raised his reputation by this blunder."

The chief moral lesson impressed on the minds of youth is respect for parents; a disobedient child among the Arabs is regarded as the worst of criminals. This laudable reverence is sometimes carried to what Europeans would deem a ridiculous excess. Mr. Lane says—

"I once breakfasted with an Egyptian merchant, before the door of his house, in the month of Ruman (and therefore a little after sunset); and though every person who passed by, however poor, was invited to partake of the meal, we were waited upon by two of my host's sons, the elder about forty years of age. As they had been fasting during the whole of the day, and had as yet only taken a draught of water, I begged the father to allow them to sit down and eat with us; he immediately told them that they might do so; but they declined."

The civil and ceremonial laws of the Egyptians, like those of other Mohammedan nations, are founded on the Koran and the traditions of the Prophet. Some carry their scruples about the legality of food to an extravagant length; they abstain not only from what is prohibited, but from what is not recorded to have been used: one devotee is mentioned who refused to taste water-melons, because it was not recorded in what manner the Prophet divided that fruit! But such scruples are now rare; the French invasion of Egypt, and the number of young men

who have recently returned home, after receiving an European education, having greatly abated this strictness. It must be added, that there is no recognized authority to decide doubtful cases of conscience, as there is among the Jews.

The administration of justice, being regulated by a very imperfect code, is open to the grossest abuses: claims are decided, not by the better cause, but the longer purse; and the extent of bribery and subornation of perjury can scarcely be credited. Several anecdotes of the iniquity and rapacity of the judges are recorded, which surpass in daring profligacy any we have previously seen. On the other hand, there are some curious examples of the ingenious measures taken by the police to discover offenders and to detect fraud. The following anecdote would not be out of place in the 'Thousand and One Nights':—

"A poor man applied one day to the Agha of the police, and said, 'Sir, there came to me, to-day, a woman, and she said to me, 'Take this ckoors,' and let it remain in your possession for a time, and lend me five hundred piastres;' and I took it from her, Sir, and gave her the five hundred piastres, and she went away. And when she was gone away, I said to myself, 'Let me look at this ckoors;' and I looked at it, and behold, it was yellow brass: and I slapped my face, and said, 'I will go to the Agha, and relate my story to him; perhaps he will investigate the affair, and clear it up;' for there is none that can help me in this matter but thee.' The Agha said to him, 'Hear what I tell thee, man. Take whatever is in thy shop; leave nothing; and lock it up; and to-morrow morning go early; and when thou hast opened the shop, cry out, 'Alas for my property!' then take in thy hands two clods, and beat thyself with them, and cry, 'Alas for the property of others!' and whoever says to thee, 'What is the matter with thee?' do thou answer, 'The property of others is lost: a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own, I should not thus lament it;' and this will clear up the affair.' The man promised to do as he was desired. He removed everything from his shop, and early the next morning he went and opened it, and began to cry out, 'Alas for the property of others!' and he took two clods and beat himself with them, and went about every district of the city, crying, 'Alas for the property of others! a pledge that I had, belonging to a woman, is lost; if it were my own, I should not thus lament it.' The woman who had given him the ckoors in pledge heard of this, and discovered that it was the man whom she had cheated; so she said to herself, 'Go and bring an action against him.' She went to his shop, riding on an ass, to give herself consequence, and said to him, 'Man, give me my property that is in thy possession.' He answered, 'It is lost.' 'Thy tongue be cut out!' she cried: 'dost thou lose my property? By Allah! I will go to the Agha, and inform him of it.' 'Go,' said he; and she went, and told her case. The Agha sent for the man; and when he had come, said to his accuser, 'What is thy property in his possession?' She answered, 'A ckoors of red Venetian gold.' 'Woman,' said the Agha, 'I have a gold ckoors here: I should like to show it thee.' She said, 'Show it me, Sir, for I shall know my ckoors.' The Agha then untied a handkerchief, and, taking out of it the ckoors which she had given in pledge, said 'Look.' She looked at it and knew it, and hung down her head. The Agha said, 'Raise thy head, and say where are the five hundred piastres of this man.' She answered, 'Sir, they are in my house.' The executioner was sent with her to her house, but without his sword; and the woman, having gone into

1 An ornament worn on the crown of the head-dress by women.

the house, brought out a purse containing the money, and went back with him. The money was given to the man from whom it had been obtained, and the executioner was then ordered to take the woman and behead her, which he did."

The marriage ceremonies of the Egyptians do not differ materially from those of other Mohammedan countries. The procession that escorts the bride to the house of her future husband is, however, more pompous in Cairo than in other places—it is also accompanied by musicians, jugglers, rope-dancers, and female attendants. The ceremonial cries of the latter have been remarked by most travellers. The sound is a kind of clucking, or chuckling, being a repetition of the syllables *glug, glug*, in a rapid chorus, ascending from the lowest tones to the shrillest of which the human voice is capable. In no country is more advantage taken of the facilities afforded to divorce by the Mohammedan law:—

"There are many men in this country who, in the course of ten years, have married as many as twenty, thirty, or more wives; and women not far advanced in age who have been wives to a dozen or more men successively. I have heard of men who have been in the habit of marrying a new wife almost every month. A person may do this, though possessed of very little property: he may choose, from among the females of the lower orders in the streets of Cairo, a handsome young widow or divorced woman who will consent to become his wife for a dowry of about ten shillings; and when he divorces her, he need not give her more than double that sum to maintain her during the period that she is forbidden to marry again."

The demoralizing effects of this pernicious custom may easily be imagined; mutual confidence and respect scarcely exist in domestic life; and, unless there be a child to cement the union, no Egyptian woman can be sure of her husband for a single hour:—

"Often, indeed, if mutual attachment subsist between her and her master, the situation of a concubine slave is more fortunate than that of a wife; for the latter may be cast off by her husband in a moment of anger, by an irrevocable sentence of divorce, and reduced to a state of poverty; whereas a man very seldom dismisses a female slave without providing for her in such a manner that, if she have not been used to luxuries, she suffers but little, if at all, by the change: this he generally does by emancipating her, giving her a dowry, and marrying her to a person of honest reputation; or by presenting her to a friend. I have already mentioned, that a master cannot sell a slave who has borne him a child; and that she is entitled to her freedom on his death. It often happens that such a slave, immediately after the birth of her child, is emancipated, and becomes her master's wife: when she has become free, she can no longer lawfully supply the place of a wife unless he marry her. Many persons consider it disgraceful even to sell a female slave who has been long in their service."

Mr. Lane's account of the state of literature in Cairo seems to have been compiled during his first visit, for we find no notice of the anatomical and medical school established by Mohammed Ali, nor of the introductory scientific works translated under his auspices. Still, knowledge is at a very low ebb; and we are not surprised to learn, that the Egyptians are even more superstitious than the Arabs. The stories of *gins* and *afrits* are common over the East, but the belief in *walis*, or men supernaturally endowed, is peculiar to Egypt. We extract one popular anecdote respecting these wonder-working saints, which is almost universally believed in Cairo:—

"The saint above mentioned, as soon as he had entered upon his office, walked through his district; and seeing a man at a shop, with a jar full of boiled beans before him, from which he was about to serve his customers as usual, took up a large piece of stone, and, with it, broke the jar. The bean-seller immediately jumped up, seized hold of a palm-stick that lay by his side, and gave the saint a severe beating:

but the holy man complained not, nor did he utter a cry: as soon as he was allowed, he walked away. When he was gone, the bean-seller began to try if he could gather up some of the scattered contents of the jar. A portion of the jar remained in its place; and on looking into this, he saw a venomous serpent in it, coiled round, and dead. In horror at what he had done, he exclaimed, 'There is no strength nor power but in God! I implore forgiveness of God, the Great! What have I done! This man is a saint, and has prevented my selling what would have poisoned my customers.'—He looked at every passenger all that day, in the hope of seeing again the saint whom he had thus injured, that he might implore his forgiveness; but he saw him not, for he was too much bruised to be able to walk. On the following day, however, with his limbs still swollen from the blows he had received, the saint limped through his district, and broke a great jar of milk at a shop not far from that of the bean-seller, and its owner treated him as the bean-seller had done the day before; but while he was beating him, some persons ran up, and stopped his hand, informing him that the person whom he was thus punishing was a saint, and relating to him the affair of the serpent that was found in the jar of beans. 'Go and look,' said they, 'in your jar of milk, and you will find, at the bottom of it, something either poisonous or unclean.' He looked, and found, in the remains of the jar, a dead dog.—On the third day, the saint, with the help of a staff, hobbled painfully up the Durb el-Ahmar, and saw a servant carrying, upon his head, a supper-tray covered with dishes of meat, vegetables, and fruit, for a party who were going to take a repast in the country. He put his staff between the servant's legs, and overthrew him, and the contents of the dishes were scattered in the street. With a mouth full of curses, the servant immediately began to give the saint as severe a thrashing as he himself expected to receive from his disappointed master for this accident: but several persons soon collected around him; and one of these bystanders observed a dog eat part of the contents of one of these dishes, and a moment after, fall down dead: he instantly seized the hand of the servant, and informed him of this circumstance, which proved that the man whom he had been beating was a saint. Every apology was made to the injured holy man, with many prayers for his forgiveness; but he was so disgusted with his new office, that he implored God and his superior to release him from it; and, in answer to his solicitations, his supernatural powers were withdrawn, and he returned to his shop, more contented than before."

But the saints are far surpassed by the magicians, to whose exploits we have rather startling testimony. The following anecdote is related on the authority of the late Mr. Salt:—

"Having had reason to believe that one of his servants was a thief, from the fact of several articles of property having been stolen from his house, he sent for a celebrated Maghrebee magician, with the view of intimidating them, and causing the guilty one (if any of them were guilty) to confess his crime. The magician came, and said that he would cause the exact image of the person who had committed the thefts to appear to any youth not arrived at the age of puberty; and desired the master of the house to call in any boy whom he might choose. As several boys were then employed in a garden adjacent to the house, one of them was called for this purpose. In the palm of this boy's right hand the magician drew, with a pen, a certain diagram, in the centre of which he poured a little ink. Into this ink he desired the boy steadfastly to look. He then burned some incense and several bits of paper inscribed with charms; and, at the same time, called for various objects to appear in the ink. The boy declared that he saw all these objects, and, last of all, the image of the guilty person: he described his stature, countenance, and dress, said that he knew him, and directly ran down into the garden, and apprehended one of the labourers, who, when brought before the master, immediately confessed that he was the thief."

Such a story, circumstantially narrated, naturally made Mr. Lane desirous of witnessing a similar performance. No opportunity offered during his first visit to Egypt; but on his second visit he obtained an interview with the magician,

and witnessed the whole process of his incantation.

"In preparing for the experiment of the magic mirror of ink, which, with some other performances of a similar nature, are here termed *durb el-mendel*, the magician first asked me for a reed-pen and ink, a piece of paper, and a pair of scissors; and, having cut off a narrow strip of paper, wrote upon it certain forms of invocation, together with another charm, by which he professes to accomplish the object of the experiment. He did not attempt to conceal these; and, on my asking him to give me copies of them, he readily consented, and immediately wrote them for me; explaining to me, at the same time, that the object he had in view was accomplished through the influence of the two first words, 'Turshoon' and 'Turyooshoon,' which, he said, were the names of two genii, his 'familiar spirits.'"

The strip containing the incantation was cut into six pieces, a chafing dish prepared, and a boy about eight years old summoned. A square was drawn on the boy's hand, and into the midst of it a little ink was poured, in which as a magic mirror the wizard declared that the boy would see certain objects. After some figures had appeared in which collusion was possible,—

"He addressed himself to me, and asked me if I wished the boy to see any person who was absent or dead. I named Lord Nelson, of whom the boy had evidently never heard, for it was with much difficulty that he pronounced the name, after several trials. The magician desired the boy to say to the Sooltan, 'My master salutes thee, and desires thee to bring Lord Nelson: bring him before my eyes, that I may see him, speedily.' The boy then said so, and almost immediately added, 'A messenger is gone, and has returned, and brought a man, dressed in a black suit of European clothes: the man has lost his left arm.' He then paused for a moment or two, and, looking more intently, and more closely, into the ink, said, 'No, he has not lost his left arm, but it is placed to his breast.' This correction made his description more striking than it had been without it; since Lord Nelson generally had his empty sleeve attached to the breast of his coat; but it was the right arm that he had lost. Without saying that I suspected the boy had made a mistake, I asked the magician whether the objects appeared in the ink as if actually before the eyes, or as if in a glass, which makes the right appear left. He answered, that they appeared as in a mirror. This rendered the boy's description faultless."

We must quote a few more particulars of this extraordinary exhibition:—

"On one occasion an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress of course, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if he were stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hunting. I am assured that, on this occasion, the boy accurately described each person and thing that was called for. On another occasion, Shakespeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance. A short time since, after performing in the usual manner, by means of a boy, he prepared the magic mirror in the hand of a young English lady, who, on looking into it for a little while, said that she saw a broom sweeping the ground without anybody holding it, and was so much frightened that she would look no longer."

Mr. Lane professes himself unable to explain the mystery of this performance, and we are

\* Dark blue is called, by the modern Egyptians, *cawed*, which properly signifies *black*, and is therefore so translated here.



equally in the dark, but it seems pretty evident that the magician's operations have not been very minutely scrutinized. Mr. Lane is not remarkable for incredulity, and we find him inclined to support the pretensions of the serpent-charmers, whose performances have been celebrated from the remotest antiquity:—

"The charmer professes to discover, without ocular perception (but perhaps he does so by a peculiar smell), whether there be any serpents in a house; and, if there be, to attract them to him; as the fowler, by the fascination of his voice, allures the bird into his net. As the serpent seeks the darkest place in which to hide himself, the charmer has, in most cases, to exercise his skill in an obscure chamber, where he might easily take a serpent from his bosom, bring it to the people without the door, and affirm that he had found it in the apartment; for no one would venture to enter with him after having been assured of the presence of one of these reptiles within: but he is often required to perform in the full light of day, surrounded by spectators; and incredulous persons have searched him before-hand, and even stripped him naked; yet his success has been complete. He assumes an air of mystery, strikes the walls with a short palm-stick, whistles, makes a clucking noise with his tongue, and spits upon the ground; and generally says, 'I adjure you by God, if ye be above or if ye be below, that ye come forth; I adjure you by the most great name, if ye be obedient, come forth; and if ye be disobedient, die! die! die!'—The serpent is generally dislodged by his stick, from a fissure in the wall, or drops from the ceiling of the room. I have often heard it asserted that the serpent-charmer, before he enters a house in which he is to try his skill, always employs a servant of that house to introduce one or more serpents: but I have known instances in which this could not be the case; and am inclined to believe that the durwesses above mentioned are generally acquainted with some real physical means of discovering the presence of serpents without seeing them, and of attracting them from their lurking-places. It is, however, a fact well ascertained, that the most expert of them do not venture to carry serpents of a venomous nature about their persons until they have extracted the poisonous teeth. Many of them carry scorpions, also, within the cap, and next the shaven head; but doubtless first deprive them of the power to injure; perhaps by merely blunting the sting."

It would be curious to inquire into the history of these magical performances; the mirror of ink is manifestly derived from the ancient practice of hydromancy, to which allusion is made in various parts of the Old Testament. Indeed it is not improbable that the Witch of Endor designed to show Saul one of these reflected exhibitions; the name of her residence Ain Dôr, or "the perpetual fountain," suggests the rabbinical tale of wizards showing shadows in a natural basin, kept always overflowing by a running stream. The fluid mirror is also mentioned among the most common forms of divination in ancient Greece, and it is still practised among the Mussulmans of India, by whom it is called *Unjün*. The process is thus described by Jaffer Shurreef.

"A handful of black seed is burnt in a new earthen pot, so as to prevent its smoke escaping, is reduced to charcoal, well pounded and levigated with castor-oil. This is applied to the palm of the hand of any one, and he is desired to stare well at it. After two or three minutes he will say something to this effect: 'First I observed the sweeper coming: he swept the ground and departed. Then came the water-carrier, sprinkled water on the floor and went away. The sweeper re-appeared and spread the carpet. Next came a whole army of genii, demons, fairies, &c.; to whom succeeded their commander, who was seated on a throne.' Thus he relates the different circumstances as they present themselves to his view."

But Jaffer Shurreef is not a believer in this species of divination; he says,

"I myself place no faith in these matters. Although born in this very country (Hindustan,) and educated among this race of people (Mussulmans,) through the blessing of God and the friendship of the great, by the studying of good books, and the hearing of good

counsel, the credibility of the existence of any such thing has been entirely effaced from my breast."

With this opinion of an enlightened Moham-medan we dismiss the subject, recommending it however to future travellers, as a matter worthy of investigation.

*Henrietta Temple: a Love Story.* By the Author of 'Vivian Grey.' 3 vols. Colburn.

It was said of a celebrated French cook, (and we believe the saying is recorded in one of the volumes of the 'Almanac des Gourmands') that he could hit off a gravy so *piquant*, that you could eat your grandpapa with it:—now the author of this novel is in the faith that he can boast a touch of this same cook's quality, and that, by his most subtle art, he can produce a *gravy-style* that shall relish the greatest absurdity or common-place of life. With it, you are to be enabled to swallow maudlin-love—stale sensibility,—cold slices of life, and fricassée of ancestors. You "eat your grandpapa" through it!—Had the author strained at less, he had achieved more, but he rolls his great wordy sublimities so laboriously and so unceasingly "up the high hill," that we are as weary at witnessing his Sisyphus attempts, as he must be in toiling at them.

Setting the general style aside, the novel of 'Henrietta Temple' is well contrived in its plot, and in parts forcibly detailed; and it is odd that the characters and incidents are well relieved, and often forcibly and happily contrasted. We might, indeed, have made a hearty and wholesome meal of such materials, if it had not been for the plaguy *gravy*. Of the story and the characters we will endeavour to give our readers a slight sketch.

The novel opens with a history of the Armine Family, from the time of William the Norman, down to that of Walter Scott; and the gallantry, disasters, and changes of this lofty race are regularly chronicled, until we are brought to the father of the hero of the tale—a proud insolvent, who clings to the old castle and its domains, although for "his own quiet and his good" he should have passed through his *own court*. He is, however, too high-minded to take the benefit of the Act;—and he looks to his son, Ferdinand Armine, (who has been pampered by a rich grandfather, Lord Grandison, for a few years, and then left without a sixpence) for the redemption of the family fortunes. The estates of the grandfather are left to his grand-daughter, Katherine Grandison; and it becomes a family arrangement, that Ferdinand shall, as a matter of course, take the estates with the lady-mortgage upon it. He visits Katherine at Bath, makes lukewarm love, and is lukewarm loved in return. He soon visits the old family house and park, as a change from the fatigues of courtship, and suddenly sees an angel in a riding habit looking up at a cedar tree. This is Henrietta Temple! She is residing with her highly respectable father at an adjoining place called Ducie Bower, and Ferdinand falls headlong and heart-abroad into first love. The ravings, rhapsodies, and flowery flatteries of Ferdinand and Henrietta, carry the reader at a balloon pace to the end of the first volume. Our hero, being accepted by the lady, hurries to Bath, and becomes entangled again with Katherine, and his first engagement in due time becomes known to Henrietta. She takes to heart-breaking, abandons Ferdinand, and is taken to Italy; and he has a desperate brain fever, in which he is attended by his cousin-love, who during it, is apprized of the real passion of Ferdinand for another. She is wretched, but high-minded and high-hearted; and he is wretched without any relieving circumstances, thoughts, or feelings. Henrietta has utterly given up Ferdinand Ar-

mine as unworthy of her—and in Italy, she is won by a long series of silent kindnesses, retiring attentions, and gentle affections, to first endure, and then, pressed by her father, to receive the offers of a young Lord Montfort, and she returns to England his betrothed bride. In England Henrietta hears of her first love's wretchedness—she meets him at the house of a fashionable friend—they sigh, stammer, and are confused.—Passion is up at 107!—Henrietta expresses her wish to Lord Montfort that he should act kindly to Ferdinand Armine, and endeavour to promote the marriage of him and Katherine Grandison. His lordship silently observes wherein Henrietta's happiness breathes, and he wins upon Ferdinand (who goes through the difficulties of encountering a usurer, a money-lending, dazzling gambler conveyancer, and a lock-up house,) and upon the kind heart of Katherine. The match he detects to be utterly broken off, and irreparably hopeless between the two; and the result is, that his lordship becomes attached to the high-souled discarded one, and brings the two first loves together. The two pair, pair! This is a rough sketch of the plot—but there are a few by-characters introduced, which, as they are not the author's *first-loves*, are perhaps his happiest efforts. Glastonbury, the *Penruddock* tutor of Armine (the early respectful and hopeless lover, in his youth, of an ancestor of Ferdinand Armine—Lady Barbara Radcliffe), is a well-drawn character; and an antique Lady Bellair (an old, spirited human flask, from which our author has, we think, drawn the *Cork*) is a vivid sketch. Morris and Levison, the half cash and half coal merchants, hoarding a dingy life in the unknown neighbourhood of Golden Square—Mr. Bond Sharpe, the aspiring dinner-giver, and off-hand splendid loan-agent—and Count Mirabel, the gay spirit of fashion and life—are all well done, though somewhat over-done. In truth, there is a great deal that is clever and pleasant, in spite of much that is superficial and extravagant; and it is not very possible for an average sort of novel reader to put the novel aside until the end is arrived at, notwithstanding the unceasing current of affection and assumption, which is to be encountered and struggled against.

But to proceed to extract: and first, as to love at first sight! Here we present a specimen of our *Tempest* of 1837, in which it will be seen that *Ferdinand* and the *Second* finds a modern "admirer *Miranda*" in his new "Misses,—Dear-est,"—and he—alas! as Prospero saith to his Ferdinand, so say we to ours,—"Poor worm! thou art infected! this visitation shows it!"

"There is no love but love at first sight. This is the transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolled sympathy. All other is the illegitimate result of observation, of reflection, of compromise, of comparison, of expediency. The passions that endure flash like the lightning: they scorch the soul, but it is warmed for ever. Miserable man whose love rises by degrees upon the frigid morning of his mind! Some hours indeed of warmth and lustre may perchance fall to his lot; some moments of meridian splendour, in which he basks in what he deems eternal sunshine. But then how often overcast by the clouds of care, how often dusked by the blight of misery and misfortune! And certain as the gradual rise of such affection is its gradual decline, and melancholy set. Then, in the chill dim twilight of his soul, he execrates custom; because he has madly expected that feelings could be habitual that were not homogeneous, and because he has been guided by the observation of sense, and not by the inspiration of sympathy."

"Amid the gloom and travail of existence suddenly to behold a beautiful being, and, as instantaneously, to feel an overwhelming conviction that with that fair form for ever our destiny must be entwined; that there is no more joy but in her joy, no sorrow but when she grieves; that in her sight of

love, in her smile of fondness, hereafter is all bliss; to feel our flaunting ambition fade away like a shrivelled gourd before her vision; to feel fame a juggle and posterity a lie; and to be prepared at once, for this great object, to forfeit and fling away all former hopes, ties, schemes, views; to violate in her favour every duty of society;—this is a lover, and this is love! Magnificent, sublime, divine sentiment! An immortal flame burns in the breast of that man who adores and is adored. He is an ethereal being. The accidents of earth touch him not. Revolutions of empire, changes of creed, mutations of opinion, are to him but the clouds and meteors of a stormy sky. The schemes and struggles of mankind are, in his thinking, but the anxieties of pigmies, and the fantastical achievements of apes. Nothing can subdue him. He laughs alike at loss of fortune, loss of friends, loss of character. The deeds and thoughts of men are to him equally indifferent. He does not mingle in their paths of callous bustle, or hold himself responsible to the airy impostures before which they bow down. He is a mariner, who, in the sea of life, keeps his gaze fixedly on a single star; and, if that do not shine, he lets go the rudder, and glories when his barque descends into the bottomless gulf."

We do not know that mariners, missing one star, do let go the rudder, and glory in such a fathomless wreck! But this is good hurricane weather for such a dismal and desperate proceeding.

Here is one of our author's elaborate love scenes between the enraptured pair. It is one of the highest flights, and we only regret that it was not published in time to have obtained the premium for the 'Bridgewater Treatise,' for it puts the hand on the bell, and fairly rings out *Bell on the Hand*:—

"I think you are very amusing, and you may be useful if you like, very," and she offered him a skein of silk, which she requested him to hold.

"It was a beautiful hand that was extended to him; a beautiful hand is an excellent thing in woman; it is a charm that never palls, and better than all, it is a means of fascination that never disappears. Women carry a beautiful hand with them to the grave, when a beautiful face has long ago vanished, or ceased to enchant. The expression of the hand, too, is inexhaustible; and when the eyes we may have worshipped no longer flash or sparkle, the ringlets with which we may have played are covered with a cap, or worse, a turban, and the symmetrical presence which in our sonnets has reminded us so oft of antelopes and wild gazelles, have all, all vanished; the hand, the immortal hand, defying alike time and care, still vanquishes, and still triumphs; and small, soft, and fair, by an airy attitude, a gentle pressure, or a new ring, renews with untiring grace the spell that bound our enamoured and adoring youth!"

"But in the present instance there were eyes as bright as the hand, locks more glossy and luxuriant than Helen of Troy's, a cheek pink as a shell, and breaking into dimples, like a May morning into sunshine, and lips from which stole forth a perfume sweeter than the whole conservatory. Ferdinand sat down on a chair opposite Miss Temple, with the extended skein."

The following interview between the good old Glastonbury, and the wretched Armine, is in a better taste:—

"It was still an early hour when Mr. Glastonbury arrived at his hotel. He understood, however, that Captain Armine had already returned and retired. Glastonbury knocked gently at his door, and was invited to enter. The good man was pale and agitated. Ferdinand was already in bed. Glastonbury took a chair and seated himself by his side.

"My dear friend, what is the matter?" said Ferdinand.

"I have seen her—I have seen her," said Glastonbury.

"Henrietta! seen Henrietta!" inquired Ferdinand.

Glastonbury nodded assent, but with a most rueful expression of countenance.

"What has happened? what did she say?" asked Ferdinand in a quick voice.

"You are two innocent lambs," said Glastonbury, wringing his hands.

"Speak—speak, my Glastonbury."

"I wish that my death could make you both happy," said Glastonbury; "but I fear that would do you no good."

"Is there any hope?" said Ferdinand.

"None," said Glastonbury. "Prepare yourself, my dear child, for the worst."

"Is she married?" inquired Ferdinand.

"No; but she is going to be."

"I know it," said Ferdinand.

Glastonbury stared.

"You know it? what, to Digby?"

"Digby, or whatever his name may be; damn him."

"Hush! hush!" said Glastonbury.

"May all the curses —"

"God forbid," said Glastonbury, interrupting him.

"Unfeeling, fickle, false, treacherous —"

"She is an angel," said Glastonbury, "a very angel. She has fainted, and nearly in my arms."

"Fainted! nearly in your arms! Oh! tell me all, tell me all, Glastonbury," exclaimed Ferdinand, starting up in his bed with an eager voice and sparkling eyes. "Does she love me?"

"I fear so," said Glastonbury.

"Fear!"

"Oh! how I pity her poor innocent heart," said Glastonbury.

"When I told her of all your sufferings —"

"Did you tell her? What then?"

"And she herself has barely recovered from a long and terrible illness."

"My own Henrietta! Now I could die happy," said Ferdinand.

"I thought it would break your heart," said Glastonbury.

"It is the only happy moment I have known for months," said Ferdinand.

"I was so overwhelmed that I lost my presence of mind," said Glastonbury. "I really never meant to tell you anything. I do not know how I came into your room."

"Dear, dear Glastonbury, I am myself again!"

"Only think," said Glastonbury, "I never was so unhappy in my life."

"I have endured for the last four hours the tortures of the damned," said Ferdinand, "to think that she was going to be married, to be married to another, that she was happy, proud, prosperous, totally regardless of me, perhaps utterly forgetful of the past, and that I was dying like a dog in this cursed caravanserai—O! Glastonbury, nothing that I have ever endured has been equal to the hell of this day! And now you have come and made me comparatively happy. I shall get up directly."

Glastonbury looked quite astonished; he could not comprehend how his fatal intelligence could have produced effects so directly contrary to those he had anticipated. However, in answer to Ferdinand's reiterated inquiries, he contrived to give a detailed account of everything that had occurred, and Ferdinand's running commentary continued to be one of constant self-congratulation.

"There is however one misfortune," said Ferdinand, "with which you are unacquainted, my dear friend."

"Indeed!" said Glastonbury, "I thought I knew enough."

"Alas! she has become a great heiress!"

"Is that it?" said Glastonbury.

"'Tis the devil," said Ferdinand. "Were it not for that, by the soul of my grandfather, I would tear her from the arms of this stripling!"

"Stripling!" said Glastonbury. "I never saw a truer nobleman in my life."

"The deuce," said Ferdinand.

"Nay! second scarcely to yourself. I could not believe my eyes," continued Glastonbury. "He was but a child when I saw him last, but so were you, Ferdinand. Believe me, he is no ordinary rival."

"Goodlooking!"

"Altogether of a most princely presence. I have rarely met a personage so highly accomplished or who more quickly impressed you with his moral and intellectual excellence."

"And they are positively engaged?"

"To be married next month," replied Glastonbury.

"O! Glastonbury, why do I live!" exclaimed Ferdinand, "why did I recover!"

"My dear child, but just now you were comparatively happy."

"Happy! you cannot mean to insult me. Happy! Oh! is there in this world, a thing so deplorable as I am!"

"I thought I did wrong to say anything," said Glastonbury, speaking as it were to himself, "I have got my wrong hat too!"

Ferdinand made no observation. He turned himself in his bed, with his face averted from Glastonbury.

"Good night," said Glastonbury, after remaining some time in silence.

"Good night," said Ferdinand, in a faint and mournful tone."

We were tempted to give Ferdinand's interview with old Levison (Morris's *pardner*), but on reperusing it, although there are good hits in it, it wants truth of colouring, and we are happy to guess, that the author, like little Premium, has not had the usurious experience himself, but has had "to borrow of another!" The scene at the lock-up house too, is not true. No bailiff, nor no bailiff's follower calls the house a *spunging house*; nor does the waiter speak to great men in difficulty of their friends being *nobs*, or of any other victims as *snobs*. We cannot but exclaim with old Mr. Osbaldeston in Rob Roy, "Why, Frank! you do not even understand the beggarly trade you have chosen!" The picture of Mr. Bond Sharpe is in a truer tone, and our readers must have a glimpse of it:—

"They ascended a staircase perfumed with flowers, and on each landing-place was a classic tripod or pedestal crowned with a bust. And then they were ushered into a drawing room of Parisian elegance; buhl cabinets, marqueterie tables, hangings of the choicest damask suspended from burnished cornices of old carving. The chairs had been rifled from a Venetian palace; the couches were part of the spoils of the French revolution. There were glass screens in golden frames, and a clock that represented the death of Hector, the chariot wheel of Achilles conveniently telling the hour. A round table of mosaic, mounted on a golden pedestal, was nearly covered with papers; and from an easy chair supported by air cushions, half rose to welcome them Mr. Bond Sharpe. He was a man not many years the senior of Captain Armine and his friend; of a very elegant appearance, pale, pensive, and prepossessing. Deep thought was impressed upon his clear and protruding brow, and the expression of his grey sunk eyes, which were delicately arched, was singularly searching. His figure was slight, but compact. His dress plain, but a model in its fashion. He was habited entirely in black, and his only ornament were his studs, which were turquoise and of great size; but there never were such boots, so brilliant and so small!"

"He welcomed Lord Catchimwhocan in a voice scarcely above a whisper, and received Captain Armine in a manner alike elegant and dignified."

"My dear Sharpe," said his Lordship, "I am going to introduce to you my most particular friend, and an old brother officer. This is Captain Armine, the only son of Sir Ratcliffe, and the heir of Armine Castle. He is going to be married very soon to his cousin Miss Grandison, the greatest heiress in England."

"Hush, hush," said Ferdinand, shrinking under this false representation, and Mr. Sharpe with considerate delicacy endeavoured to check his Lordship.

"Well, never mind, I will say something about that," continued Lord Catchimwhocan. "The long and the short of it is this, that my friend Armine is hard up, and we must carry on the war till we get into winter quarters. You are just the man for him, and by Jove, my dear Sharpe, if you wish sensibly to oblige me, who I am sure am one of your warmest friends, you will do everything for Armine that human energy can possibly effect."

"What is the present difficulty that you have?" inquired Mr. Sharpe of our hero, in a calm whisper.



"Why the present difficulty that he has," said Lord Catchimwhocan, "is that he wants 1500l."

"I suppose you have raised money, Captain Armine?" said Mr. Sharpe.

"In every way," said Captain Armine.

"Of course," said Mr. Sharpe, "at your time of life one naturally does. And I suppose you are bothered for this 1500l.?"

"I am threatened with immediate arrest, and arrest in execution."

"Who is the party?"

"Why, I fear, an unmanageable one, even by you. It is a house at Malta."

"Mr. Bolus, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

"I thought so."

"Well, what can be done?" said Lord Catchimwhocan.

"Oh! there is no difficulty," said Mr. Sharpe very quietly. "Captain Armine can have any money he likes."

"I shall be happy," said Captain Armine, "to pay any consideration you think fit."

"Oh! my dear sir, I cannot think of that. Money is a drug now. I shall be happy to accommodate you without giving you any trouble. You can have the 1500l. if you please this moment."

We can spare no room for further extract. We could have wished to have given our readers—shall we say our country readers?—some idea of Count Mirabel, but he is so interwoven with the wit of the story that we cannot produce a pattern. Then there is Mr. Bevil, a kind of Rookwood parody of the polished Mirabel! The exactly shaped vase, without the lustre within it! We pass Bevil. Lord Catchimwhocan is one of a large circle of Lords by courtesy; and Bonmot, a wit in his *vitæ*, is a feeble sketch, but still a sketch from the life, which the gentlemanly manner and pleasant memory of the original ought to have excluded from the work.

We must, in fair justice to ourselves, and in severe justice to the author, cull a few of the dahlias, hollyhocks, and other flowers, from his gaudy parterre. Lo! "here's a string of whittings' eyes for pearls!"

"Beautiful, brilliant, and ambitious, the young and restless Armine quitted, in his eighteenth year, the house of his fathers, and his stepdame of a country, and entered the Imperial service."

"It seemed to him that he had never listened to sounds so sweetly thrilling as her voice. It was a bird-like burst of music, that well became the sparkling sunshine of her violet eyes."

"Oh! how beautiful, my wretched and exhausted soul too surely feels! Is it my fault those eyes are like the dawn, that thy sweet voice thrills through my frame, and but the lightest touch of that light hand falls like a spell on my enraptured form? Ah! Henrietta, be merciful, be kind!"

"Full of hope, and joy, and confidence, he took her in his arms, sealed her cold lips with a burning kiss, and vowed to her his eternal and almighty love."

"Ah! that was a ramble of rich delight, as winding his arm round her light waist, he poured into her palpitating ear all the eloquence of his passion."

"So he looked upon the radiant brow of his Henrietta, wreathed with smiles of innocent triumph, sparkling with unalloyed felicity, and beaming with unbroken devotion. Should the shade of a dark passion for a moment cloud that heaven, so bright and so serene? Should even a momentary pang of jealousy or distrust pain that pure and unsullied breast? In the midst of contending emotions, he pressed her to his heart with renewed energy, and, bending down his head, imprinted an embrace upon her blushing forehead."

"The door opened; she entered, radiant as the day! What a smile! what dazzling teeth! what ravishing dimples! her eyes flashed like summer lightning; she extended him a hand white and soft as one of those doves that had played about him in the morning. Surely never was any one ended with such an imperial presence. So stately, so majestic, and yet withal so simply gracious; full of such

airy artlessness, at one moment she seemed an empress, and then only a beautiful child; and the hand and arm that seemed fashioned to wave a sceptre, in an instant appeared only fit to fondle a gazelle or pluck a flower."

But how impossible is it to keep "the light in," in these passages, when you permit the common air to intrude! There are readers, we suppose, for whom this book is destined to be a delight in every word, in every bewildered thought; but we should like, we must say, to have a specimen of such reader, (if possible, taken alive,) were it only to present it to that little unhealthy spot, in the rear of the Regent's Park, where *Chimpanzees* are shown as sights to their fellow-creatures every Sunday afternoon at five o'clock!

"Henrietta Temple" plagues us! flusters our feelings, pesters our judgment! It has lovers, but they talk like gauze Romeos and Juliets of Cleveland Rows and Park Lanes; and yet Dr. Warburton's Romeos and Juliets too! It has spirited passages, but they are passages "that lead to nothing!" Several characters are striking, several agreeable; but then they speak through that great speaking-trumpet the author; and you never hear a voice of "a one of them" that does not partake of the astounding *Richardson twang* of the instrument that conveys it. Though the work is full of what novel readers call *fire*, you cannot by extracts show it; you cannot "take it, and cut it out in little stars;" you might as well try to snatch a sixteenth of the lambent and ghastly flame that flickers over a table-spoon full of weak brandy, suspended over a stale mince-meat pie on a dull Christmas day, as attempt to *snap-dragon* a bit of *fire* from the general flame and flare hovering over every page of this vexatious, high-flown, foolish, clever work.

*The Political History of England during the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries.* By F. Von Raumer.

[Second Notice.]

THE history of Elizabeth's reign possesses a completeness and unity that can scarcely be found in any other portion of the English annals, and, least of all, in the period when united Britain became subject to the Stuart dynasty. Much of this discrepancy must be assigned to the personal character of Elizabeth and her successors; whatever faults and errors may be discovered in the private life of the great queen, her public career, her course of foreign and domestic policy, possess unquestioned claims to admiration: she placed herself unhesitatingly at the head of the European movement; her advance was not very rapid, but she never retrograded: the bulls from the Vatican, the threats from Spain, the intrigues of the Guises in France, and the dissatisfaction of a large portion of her subjects, secretly or openly attached to the Romish Church, never induced her to swerve for a single instant. No eye ever saw her lip tremble, no ear ever heard her tongue falter, no action ever showed that her heart sunk. The despotic energy of her language, and the disdain of control in her actions, must be regarded as proofs of fixed resolution rather than of tyrannical disposition. "Her march was onwards," and though we may condemn the means by which some obstacles were removed, we cannot withhold admiration from the consistency and firmness of her triumphant career.

We turn to the reign of the first James, and feel as an astronomer may be supposed to have felt who had examined the course of the single planet, said to have revolved between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, when next his attention was directed to that part of our system, and he found the place of the single orb occupied by the four asteroids or fragments into which it had

been shivered, and was tempted to resign in despair all efforts to calculate their crossing orbits and complicated motions. Further and more patient investigation would show the astronomer that there was order in this apparent confusion; and in the same way the history of the Stuarts, with its extraordinary abundance of inconsistent ideas and antagonizing principles, when attentively considered, becomes not less attractive, and far more diversified, than the simple era to which it succeeded.

The history of every revolution may be told in a very few words: the intellectual progress of the world is incessant. Rulers, possessing neither wisdom to guide nor power to check the movement, raise barriers against the current; its course is for the moment stopped; but the waters are accumulating against the dam, secretly it may be, but surely, until their very weight forces a passage, and the liberated current sweeps everything before it. One great difference between the English and French revolutions is simply, that in the latter everything relating to the church and religion was set aside in the outset; whereas in England it everywhere mingled and blended itself with political events. This peculiarity presents the history of the Stuarts to the eyes of Englishmen in such a variety of aspects; it blends the whole contest with so many of the questions still agitated by political parties, that it is difficult for an Englishman to write a line on the subject without being suspected of some secret motive, perhaps without feeling some political tendency, that cannot easily be reconciled with impartiality. In briefly directing attention to Von Raumer's account of this important portion of our annals, we shall merely view him as a witness well entitled to be heard, but shall not make any comment on his evidence, or even examine the tendency of his testimony. The early partiality of James towards his Scottish subjects is thought to have laid the foundation of the English hostility towards the house of Stuart. In a very short time after Elizabeth's death, we find Beaumont, the French ambassador, thus writing to his court:—

"The jealousy of the English towards the Scotch, increases, and becomes so vehement that some flame may burst forth in consequence; for the latter are hungry, covetous, and impatient; they profit by the King's favour as long as it is at their command, and endeavour to fix themselves in all public offices. The English, on the other hand, are as averse to endure anything detrimental to themselves, as they are, in general, not much pleased with the King, and openly declare that they were deceived respecting his reputation and the opinion they were led to conceive of him. One person even let drop an expression, 'that they must have Scotch Vespers, like the Sicilian.'"

The disgraceful peace with Spain, by which England was at once removed from the influential position she had acquired in Europe, was a more justifiable cause of discontent. Gondomar's estimate of its importance to the Spanish court, and his account of the king's weakness in right, and obstinacy in wrong, are worthy of notice:—

"I have so lulled King James to sleep, that neither the cries of his daughter and her children, nor the repeated remonstrances and entreaties of his Parliaments and subjects are able to awaken him."

Some portion of popularity was acquired by the monarch after the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot. It was soon lost again by his partiality to unworthy favourites, and his neglect of public business to indulge in degrading vices. Beaumont's account of the king and the nation is a lamentable picture; it required little sagacity to see in such a state of things the certainty of a convulsion at no very distant date.

"I discover so many seeds of disease in England, so much is brooding in silence, and so many events seem inevitable, that I am inclined to affirm, that

for a century from this time, this kingdom will hardly abuse its prosperity, except to its own ruin: I can assure your Majesty that you have more reason to reflect on King James's absurd conduct, and pity his subjects, than to dread his power. The courage of the English is buried in the tomb of Elizabeth. What must be the situation of a State and of a Prince, whom the clergy publicly abuse in the pulpit, whom the actors represent upon the stage, whose wife goes to these representations in order to laugh at him, who is defied and despised by his Parliament, and universally hated by his whole people? His vices debilitate his mind; when he thinks to speak like a King he proceeds like a tyrant, and when he condescends, he becomes vulgar. He endeavours to cover, under specious titles, disgraceful actions; and as the power to indulge in them abandons him, he feasts his eyes, when he can no longer gratify his other vices."

From many of his father's meaner vices Charles I. was free, but he inherited his obstinacy and his attachment to worthless favourites. In proof of this we can quote the evidence of an impartial observer, Rusdorf, the Palatine ambassador.

"The King has dissolved the Parliament before any business whatever was finished, in order to save his favourite from inquiry. Thus offending innumerable worthy people, he chooses rather to please one man than to give way to the people and the estates of the kingdom, in a just and legal manner. The King does and orders nothing without Buckingham, who governs without restraint, while all the other Counsellors are subject to him, or are intimidated, or rejoice when things go ill, because the favourite will then be more speedily ruined. Buckingham, with the greatest folly, makes use of the King's friendship only for his own advantage, while he offends many persons, and neglects the true interests of the country. Hence the King is hated, and the English government appears everywhere remiss as an ally, proud towards friends, violent without power and wisdom."

There is little new light thrown on the early struggles between the King and Parliament, but we find abundant evidence that the great body of the nation felt a deep interest in the contest, and that resistance was not confined to political agitators; on the contrary, the people seem to have been generally in advance of those who are commonly described as the popular leaders. After the prorogation of Parliament in 1640, the French ambassador wrote to his court a letter from which the result of the expedition against the Scotch might easily have been foreseen.

"There are daily disturbances in the Counties, chiefly on account of the Soldiers. The inhabitants of Kent, Essex, and other places refuse to serve by sea—the Militia of Oxford will not serve either by sea or land—the Soldiers in Somerset have ill-treated their Colonel Lansfort—the recruits raised in Dorsetshire have thought fit to kill, and to hang up by the legs, Lieutenant Moore, who treated them rather rigorously—in Suffolk, some soldiers have put on their shirts over their clothes, and represented and ridiculed the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Court of High Commission. Notwithstanding these symptoms, workmen are daily carried off from their shops, and taken on board the fleet destined against Scotland—warlike stores are daily embarked—the soldiers are sent to the frontiers—and the Generals are making preparations for their departure."

We shall not dwell upon Von Raumer's searching scrutiny of Strafford's character, nor his able view of the consequences resulting from the Earl's execution. His account of the Irish civil war in 1641 possesses more novelty for the great bulk of readers, especially his able summary of the grievances that led to the insurrection. Having described the system of unjust confiscation, he says:—

"Did not the English House of Commons, on the confiscation of O'Neal's estates in 1583, prove the unlimited right of the Kings of England to dis-

pose at their pleasure of all Irish landed property, by the fact that the Irish came from Spain, and their leaders Heberus and Hegemon had submitted to the English King Garmond? In a similar spirit, King James seized upon 380,000 acres of land, not according to law or justice, not by contract or cession, but on the stress of those foolish fables, and of the still subsisting right of conquest. At the same time the declared object was, that no Irishman should have any part in the new settlements, and that none should remain, even for great sacrifices, in the possession of his hereditary estates. Their expulsion was sought, in order to attract, as it was alleged, a more noble and civilized race of men; though these settlers, in truth, were for the most part rapacious adventurers or indigent rabble. With this political injustice, religious intolerance was intimately connected. Thus all Catholics were in fact excluded from the acquisition of landed property, by the condition imposed upon the settlers of taking the oath of supremacy."

"Such was the state of affairs when Charles I. ascended the throne. The Irish readily came forward with an offer to assist him, and to maintain 300 cavalry and 5,000 infantry, if he would grant greater toleration in religious matters; but this proposal was rejected, chiefly through the interference of the Bishops. Two years later, in 1628, the King, whose distress became more urgent, was more compliant, and at the earnest request of the Irish caused the Charter of Graces to be drawn up. It contained scarcely anything but urgently necessary and reasonable regulations, respecting the billeting of soldiers, the limitation of the military laws to times of war, the pardon of criminals, judicial forms, monopolies, hereditary rights, and the oath of supremacy. In particular, it decreed that 60 years' possession should constitute a legal title, and protect the possessor against all claims from the crown, and from all other persons."

Everybody knows that Charles, after having obtained a large sum for conceding these graces, refused the charter by the advice of Strafford, and left the Irish no hope but in emulating the conduct of the Covenanters in Scotland. Having repeated the common story of the Irish massacre, Von Raumer continues—

"This is the accusation: the result of unprejudiced investigation, on the contrary, is, the Irish were impelled by numberless reasons to take advantage of the apparently highly favorable circumstances for the improvement of their civil, religious, and political situation; and thought, if the Scotch have been so commended for their Covenant, directed against the King, a union for him, against arrogant subjects, might be still more easily justified. But such a union had not been concluded when Mac Mahon gave his essentially false and incredible information; nor was there ever any general conspiracy to murder all the Protestants. The troubles which arose in Ulster from local reasons, spread slowly, and, mostly through the fault of the English magistrates, over the greater part of the country, and the number of the Protestants who perished by violence or in open combat, is reduced to about 6000."

The Irish war was the ruin of the royal cause; Charles could not, if he would, do justice to the insurgents, while the cry of "No Popery" enabled the Parliament to levy armies, under pretence of serving against the Irish, but really designed to overawe the King. This is evident from the tenor of the commission granted to the lords lieutenant of counties by the Militia Bill, passed February 9, 1642.

"As a most dangerous and desperate plan has lately been formed, in consequence of the sanguinary counsels of the Papists and other evil-disposed persons, and as in consequence of the Irish Rebellion, and for other reasons, sedition and war are to be apprehended, therefore, for the safety of the King, the Parliament, and the kingdom, power is hereby given to N. N., by the King and both Houses, to call together all his Majesty's subjects in the County to arms, exercise them, and to appoint or dismiss officers. He is to expect further orders from the King and both Houses, and his power shall continue till it be otherwise ordered or declared by both Houses

of Parliament (the King is not mentioned here), and no longer."

It is unnecessary to enter into the details of the civil war in England; but the true history of the struggle in Ireland is so little known, that we must extract a summary of the demands of the contending parties.

"The Irish Protestants demanded of the King, on the 6th of April, 1644, the expulsion of all Catholic clergymen; indemnity for all damage suffered from the Catholics; the disarming of them; the confiscation of the estates of all the guilty; the taking the oath of supremacy by persons in office and Members of Parliament; no amnesty or pardon, but the exemplary punishment of all who had taken part in the rebellion.

"On the other side, the Catholics demanded, on the 9th of May, with a repetition of all their former grievances, the abolition of all the laws passed against them, the freedom of divine worship, a free Parliament, permission to acquire landed property, admission to all offices, facilities with respect to trade, and an amnesty. They add, however, as the Catholics have been so bitterly calumniated, they propose (to justify themselves, and to show how much they wish that all wrong should be punished) that all murders, breaches of contract, and cruelties committed by persons of both parties, shall be excluded from the amnesty; that inquiry shall be made into them, and the guilty punished. These proposals of the Catholics were unquestionably more in a spirit of humanity, justice, and true Christianity than those of the Protestants, and much severer censure is deserved by an order from the English House of Commons of the 16th of October, 1644, of the following tenor: 'No Irishman and no Papist born in Ireland shall receive pardon; on the contrary, every such person is excluded from all compacts, capitulations and pardon; and if taken, shall be immediately put to death. Whoever is neglectful or remiss in the execution of this order shall be considered as a promoter of the bloody Irish rebellion, and subject to the merited punishment which the justice of the two Houses of Parliament shall impose upon him.'

These volumes add little to the information respecting the surrender of Charles to his Scottish subjects, already published by Von Raumer in his *Letters on History*; but the author strongly maintains that the yielding up of Charles to the English Parliament was a disgraceful bargain and sale.

"It was only out of cowardice and injustice that no notice was taken of the silence of the English Parliament, though that silence so clearly revealed the secret purposes of the parties that no explanation was necessary. In the same manner all mention of the King's name was hypocritically avoided in the negotiations, though it is beyond all doubt that the delivery and payment were closely connected, and immediately followed upon each other. Besides, the temporal leaders and the puritanical zealots divided the blood-money among them, under the name of an indemnity; as they had sold their souls with the King, they were resolved at least to derive some worldly advantage from it."

The brief contemporary evidence for this view of the case is equally pithy and decisive.

"For until the English dispose of the King, the Scots are not like to have 40,000*l.*, a considerable sum for Scots to sell their souls. *Sandersson*, p. 927. The French Minister, Brienne, writes in terms equally offensive, 'Endeavour to gain over the Chancellor of Scotland himself with money, he will not be offended by it, because he is a Scotchman; that is to say self-interested.'"

We need not enter into the particulars of the struggle between Parliament and the Army, or of the circumstances that led to the trial and execution of Charles.

The concluding chapters contain a mere outline of Cromwell's Protectorate, and the Restoration of the second Charles, but original authorities are quoted in support of the general views taken by the writer.



## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Practical Mechanic's Pocket Guide.*—In no department of science or literature, have we met a more truly useful manual, than this tiny volume. Though scarcely so large as an ordinary pocket-book, it contains a lucid exposition of the theory of mechanical powers as applied to the chief Prime Movers, human, animal, water, and steam force; an examination of the limits within which the materials used in mechanical contrivances are manageable in point of weight, and safe in point of strength; and a series of the tables most useful to practical engineers. The chapter on water-power is particularly valuable; we know that several eminent men are of opinion that this is the readiest and most powerful agent that can be directed by human skill, and that steam does not quite merit the exclusive preference it has received. The Shaws Waterworks, near Greenock, supply to the aqueduct 2400 cubic feet of water per minute, and set in motion nineteen mills, each with an average fall of twenty-seven feet on one line, and thirteen mills with a fall of twenty-eight feet on another; so that when all the mills are in operation, the amount of power employed is at least equivalent to that of 2000 horses. The average rent of the water is 2*l.* 15*s.* per horse power, and the average rent of the ground or feu-duty, for erections, is 7*l.* per acre. This is less than one-tenth, and even than one-twentieth, of the cost of steam-power in the vicinity of a manufacturing town.

*Marriage*; by the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue.—We are of opinion that all the spinsters throughout the three kingdoms should combine to raise a monument to this eloquent advocate of marriage; the more especially as the profits of the work are destined for the support of an infant school. If they do not, they assuredly will merit the doom pronounced against old maids, for never have we seen a more warm admirer of the fair sex, nor one who so earnestly desires that woman should be enthroned as queen over every soft emotion and tender feeling in the human heart.

*Story's Discourses.*—These lectures were delivered by Dr. Story, the distinguished American Judge, in the Mechanics' Institute at Boston, and have been extensively circulated throughout the United States; they are worthy of the place they have received in 'The Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts,' an unpretending work deserving a share of public favour.

*Bes's Parochial Sermons.*—Plain discourses suited to country congregations. The author's opinions are of the class usually styled Evangelical, but they are not brought forward very prominently; the preacher dwells more on practical precepts than controverted doctrines.

*Tholuck's Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans.* Tholuck is well known to Europe as a sound theologian and learned orientalist, and his qualifications are eminently shown in this Commentary. He has elucidated many of the difficulties in this epistle from the Rabbinical writings and peculiar Jewish customs, a source of explanation too much neglected by previous commentators, who seem to have forgotten that St. Paul addressed this epistle, not to the Romans generally, but to the Jewish converts resident at Rome.

*Mrs. Phelps' Female Student.*—This is a reprint from an American edition of the lectures delivered by Mrs. Phelps at the Troy Female Seminary. She is a zealous advocate for the endowment of institutions in which ladies should pursue as extensive a course of liberal studies as gentlemen are supposed to do in universities. Her course of lectures embraces nearly the entire circle of science and literature, and hence she is of necessity superficial and discursive; but it is everywhere apparent that she is one who has read much and thought more, and whom extensive acquisitions have filled with an anxiety to make others share in her advantages.

*Mosley's Arithmetic.*—*First Book of Arithmetic.*—Mr. Mosley has made some great improvements in the system of teaching arithmetic; he has simplified the rules and explained the reasons of every process, which we are sorry was not done in the little work published by the Commissioners of Irish Education. We regret to find, that both pass lightly over Notation and Numeration, the part most difficult and most essential to youthful students, and that, in most of their examples, they give numbers too large to be comprehended by young minds.

*List of New Books.*—M'Culloch's Statistical Account of the British Empire, 2 vols. 8vo. 36*s.* cl.—Lane's Modern Egyptians, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21*s.* cl.—Library of Anecdotes, (Book of Human Character, Vol. 1, by Charles Becker,) 6*s.* cl.—Diary of a Little Dog, 18mo. 2*s.* cl.—Hack's Harry Beaufoy, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Rose Talbot; a Tale, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Browne's Testimonies to the Truth of the Gospel, 6*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cottager's Monthly Visitor, Vol. for 1836, 4*s.* bds.; 4*s.* 6*d.* hlf-bd.—Wordsworth's Law of Joint Stock Companies, 2nd edit. 14*s.* bds.—Twamley's Romance of Nature, 2nd edit. 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* mor.—Harting's Portfolio, 4to. pl. 31*s.*; col. 51*s.* mor.—Southey's Cooper's Works, Vol. IX. 6*s.* 3*s.* cl.—Recollections of Sir Walter Scott, 6*s.* 3*s.* cl.—The Duke of Monmouth, 3 vols. 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Cooper's Novels and Romances, 12 vols. 6*s.* 31*s.* 12*s.* cl.—Cain and Abel; or the Morning of the World, by the Rev. C. J. Yorke, 12mo. 4*s.* bds.—New Week's Preparation, 1*s.* 6*d.* each, hlf-shp.—Fisher's Landscape Souvenir, 4to. 21*s.* cl.—Thoughts on Civil Government, by a British Jurist, 8vo. 6*s.* bds.—Williams's Elements of Medicine, Vol. I. 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Hind on Fractures, 2nd edit. folio, 24*s.* cl.—Quain's Anatomical Plates of the Muscles, royal folio, 5*l.* 5*s.* col.—Smeaton's Reports on Civil Engineering, 2nd edit. 4to. 63*s.* cl.—Higgins's Descriptive Atlas, 4to. 31*s.* 6*d.* pl.; col. 42*s.* hlf-bd.—Chambers's Educational Course, (Exemplary Biography,) 12mo. 2*s.* 9*d.* cl.—Alphabets of Science, 4 vols. 18mo. 36*s.* cl.; 36*s.* roan.—White's Natural History of Selborne, new edit. 6*s.* 5*d.* cl.—Stephens's Corporation Act, 2nd edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 6*s.* bds.—Retzsch's Outlines to the Second Volume of Goethe's Faust, 4to. 4*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Blayney's Treatise on Life Assurance, 12mo. 2nd edit. 7*s.* bds.—Wardlaw's Christian Ethics, 3rd edit. with additional notes, 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Conder's Choir and Oratory, 6*s.* cl.—Memoirs of Howard Hinton, by His Father, 3rd edit. 32mo. 1*s.* cl.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS

LONDON.

Oh, when I was a little boy,  
How often was I told,  
Of London and its silver walls,  
And pavements all of gold;  
Of women all so beautiful,  
And men so true and bold,  
And how all things 'tween earth and sky  
Were therein bought and sold.  
And so I came to London;  
Twas on a summer's day,  
And I walked at times, and rode at times,  
And whistled all the way;  
And the blood rushed to my head,  
When Ben, the wagoner, did say—  
"Here's London, boy, the queen of towns,  
As proud as she is gay."  
I listened, and I looked about,  
And questioned, and—behold!  
The walls were not of silver,  
The pavement was not gold;  
But women, oh, so beautiful!  
And—may I say—so bold  
I saw, and Ben said—"All things here  
Are to be bought and sold."  
And I found they sold the dearest things;  
The mother sold her child,  
And the sailor sold his life away  
To plough the waters wild,  
And the king he sold commissions  
To young gentlemen so mild,  
And some thieves sold their brother thieves,  
Who hanged were or exiled.  
And critics sold their paragraphs,  
And poets sold their lays,  
And great men sold their little men,  
With votes of 'Ays' and 'Nays';  
And parsons sold their holy words,  
And blessed rich men's ways,  
And women sold their love—(for life,  
Or only a few days).  
'Twas thus with all. For gold, bright Art  
Her radiant flag unfurled,  
And the young rose let its unblown leaves  
Be cankered and uncured;  
For gold, against the tender heart  
The liar's darts were hurled,  
And soldiers, whilst Fame's trumpets blew,  
Dared Death across the world.  
And so, farewell to London!  
Where men do sell and buy  
All things that are (of good and bad)  
Beneath the awful sky;  
Where some win wealth, and many want—  
Some laugh, and many sigh—  
Till at last, all folks, from king to clown,  
Shut up their books, and—die!

## A VISIT TO OXFORD.

[Concluded from p. 853.]

OXFORD is chiefly indebted for its grand architectural features to three men, who had been the architects of their own grandeur likewise, having risen from an humble sphere into the very highest that subjects could attain—all having been in turn chief dignitaries of the church and lord chancellors of England at the same time. A still further analogy, more singular than momentous, is, that they all filled the same see, Winchester,—and all began with the initial letter of that see their own surnames—Wykeham, Waynflete, and Wolsey. It is no wonder if the works of this triumvirate should bear the impress of their magnificence; but we may also find in them, or fancy, the spirit, genius, character, of their individual authors, as well almost as from the lineaments of their portraits. New College, Magdalen, and Christ Church, may be taken as *portraits of the mind*, cast in stone, and colossally magnified; nor, perhaps, is the comparative analysis too theoretic which finds in the consummate original skill of design, secluded beauty, and domineering extensiveness, which distinguish those colleges respectively, types of the very attributes most peculiar to the three founders above-said—artistic enthusiasm, placid reserve, and pride. Of Wykeham's College I have spoken: from his chapel, and All Souls, Waynflete, with that humility and contentedness to be second, so remarkable through all his actions, took the style of Magdalen,—seen, for example, in the large Gothic west window, painted after the Wykeham pattern. Underneath this, and over the portal, is a coronet eave, elegantly fretted, and parted into five small canopies, for as many diminutive statues of patron saints and protectors—St. John Baptist, Mary Magdalen, Edward IV., St. Swithin, and Waynflete. These are looked upon as crown jewels in the regalia of our college, though but rough little sandstone things, and they are truly precious; yet there is a pearl of still greater price, taken from the same material, over a large portal to the left, viz. a full size statue of Mary Magdalen,—the Medicean Venus of Oxford. I mean as to beauty, not character; for the rude old sculptor of that unlightened age, with more knowledge about the false and foolish legend respecting Mary Magdalen than connoisseurs now possess, has given her the sweetest virgin expression, a mien of the most perfect modesty transmissible to stone. Her long, divided hair, instead of serving to expose meretricious beauties, serves only to display the candour of her brow; she does not slouch forth in loose dishabille and bed-room slipper as usual; but her garments are folded with decent grace, and simple propriety: there is a pathos in the quiet pressure of her left hand against her bosom very original, exquisitely refined, and quite worthy of *Fra Beato*. Making a *quatre* with the Magdalen are three other statues—St. John Baptist, Edward IV., and Waynflete, of inferior, but great merit. The portal beneath is beautiful also, its beauty, however, being kept in concealment by the Fellows, as if it indeed were something meretricious. Built, like a swallow's nest, up against the corner of this court, you observe a relic of our primitive ecclesiastical manners—a stone pulpit, whence the anniversary sermon on the festival of St. John Baptist, was delivered to our simple ancestors, the court being hung with green boughs as an imitation of the Wilderness. How romantic a religion was the Romish! What illusions of poetry it brought in aid of its piety, genuine as well as illusive! We may imagine the preacher, from this hollow rock, excited to greater eloquence by recollection of the great Precursor, and his auditors, moved by such heaven-sent breath as easily as reeds shaken with the wind. What a loss to itself and the world, that in a church so impressive, so much of serpent-cunning should have been mingled with the simplicity of the dove!

Through a mean portal you enter the ante-chapel, containing the 'Last Judgment' on glass in clair-obscur, by Schwarz; other windows of Eginton manufacture; pretty silver-pale marble tablets, by a native artist, I believe dead in youth, Bosom—and slender clustering columns beneath pointed arches, as elegant as if Grace herself had been a Goth. Under a sumptuous organ screen, you pass into the choir, which resembles a frostwork grotto for the prodigality of its embellishments and the cold

lustre of its effect, built, as it is, of white stone, and illumined by windows in grey chiroscuro, through which the light struggles as through panes of ice. I do not, however, mean to impugn the science and taste with which Mr. Cottingham restored the under part of this chapel, after the model, it is said, of some few remains; nor to defend the roof, put up, it is likewise said, by Mr. Wyatt, with as little display as possible of either. An oratory to the left of the altar is just large enough to form a beautiful shell to the alabaster effigy of Waynflete's father, laid in awful prostration upon his tomb: I should have been less impressed by the founder himself, seated on his episcopal throne, and grasping all the thunderbolts of the Vatican; death is the commonest of all occurrences, yet a familiarity of six thousand years has not so injured mankind to the contemplation of it, that we can approach even its image without the heart-quake. As an old poet affirms with fearful truth—

The very name  
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute  
Than heaven, or sin, or hell!

Over the communion-table is a 'Christ bearing the Cross,' given by the judges to Murillo, Lodovico Carracci, and Morales, respectively; it might be confirmed to any one of them without diminution to his renown, or increase. The air is that of a Spanish Carlo Dolce, with more strength of manner than belongs to the Italian, much of his tone, and a good deal of his expression. It has *Transfiguration* fame here, Oxford not being encumbered by fine pictures. Above it, at an elevation so noble as almost to escape cognizance, is Chantrey's relief of 'Christ appearing to Mary,' perhaps one might venture a suggestion to hanging-committees of churches as well as galleries, that works of art should be placed considerably lower than weathercock level, unless they are intended for telescopic observation. Here we find a work, no doubt of merit, whose latent beauties, notwithstanding its brightness, are as inscrutable as those of the moon!

Wolsey, who was matriculated at Magdalen College when but fifteen, and nicknamed the "boy-bachelor," is thought to have imagined the beautiful chapel tower. It is lofty enough for him, massive, and crowned with majestic pinnacles; yet it has a serene elegance withal, and a simplicity which betoken a genius more placid and pure. Besides, the style is older. It stands, a mighty sentinel, at the bridge entering Oxford, and gives the traveller a most agreeable presentiment of the town. It also forms the principal feature of the cloister, a large quadrangle arcaded in the Gothic style, festooned and over-mantled with ivy at intervals, inclosing a smooth lush sward, feathered with a few tender green dwarf shrubs, that tremble like sensitive plants, even in this shelter, from their extreme delicacy. Less graceful ornaments are a set of grotesque Lombard allegorical figures, lining the four sides; they may be taken as a test of mere antiquarianism, having no beauty, and little associative interest: being likewise repaired with more Talinocian audacity than dexterity, these petrified wardens of the place, instead of preserving its solemnness sacred, appear only fit to encourage irreverent jests, and inappropriate merriment. Had they been left in their previous condition of enigmatical deformity, they would have seemed but the time-worn fragments of gigantic Eld, and their gray hues would have better harmonized with the silver hoariness of all the imagery around them. Nothing however in Oxford is quite so beautiful as these cloisters of a warm, deep-toned September evening, when there is, besides, an autumnal tinge in the mind, such as the scene itself will often inspire; beautiful I say, even though they want—sandy want—the frescos which adorn Italian cloisters, as well as the rich golden sunlight that gives them so much splendour. It seems to me as if the very sunlight of England had a coldness in it—I mean of hue—being pallid compared with the southern, and scarce mellowed than the moonlight of Rome or Venice. I am wandering. Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin, more properly, from the French *Madeleine*) has celebrated fields adjoining, sung by the satirical poet himself, who has a glance at "Maudlin's learned grove." Addison's "Walk" is a lofty aisle of natural Gothic, columned with the trunks of elms, and groined with their overarching

boughs: every one is a Warburtonian by instinct, in his theory of pointed architecture, who has once seen such an avenue. Amid this profound silence, many a Tatler was perchance premeditated, many a Spectator amid these shades which shut out the world!—Between the Grove of stupendous broad-headed trees, where the quiet deer in troops enjoy their stately repast and repose,—between it and a deep solitary meadow terraced by the Walk above-said, winds the Cherwell, a contributor to the Isis. A mill—the old mill of Holy-well—stands outside Maudlin Park, at a broader reach of the stream, and rather deepens than disturbs meditation, with the continual dashing of its wheel; this is one of the sounds which, like a wood-pigeon's cooing, appears to increase silence, or at least make it more sensible. One would almost suspect the Maudlin Fellows of what perhaps they are seraphically innocent—the romance of bespeaking this mill on their boundaries as an indispensable supplement to their sequestered landscape and abode.

We must now pass lightly on by the old gray battlemented wall of Magdalen, majestically garrisoned with those Anakim of the forest—elm-trees, to Holy-well Church, a bit of suburban Gothic, through a garden lane which leads to a corn-field entitled the "Parks," thence, by a short dark road of elms, to the front of pretty little Wadham College. This is the neatest *rus-in-urbe* spot imaginable—a perfect little Protestant monastery, embosomed among shades sacred from all profane foot, a "Zoar" to scholastic refugees from those disturbers of thought by which even the City of Learning is at times beset—

Fiddlers, and lesters, monkeys, apes, babonnes,  
Drunkards, and swaggers, and such trouble-townes.

The architecture is not very antique, but symmetrical, in the gable-fronted style, its smaller windows eyebrowed, its larger embayed, having altogether an air of comfort quite domestic, yet of sufficient dignity likewise. Its gardens small and pretty, to match: the Warden has a parterre brought hither (like Jerusalem earth to the *Campo Santo*) from the Hesperides, and kept with as jealous watch as if equally full of golden apples. I had but a glimpse at it through the grating. Bishop Wilkins, the lunarian philosopher, and Wren, the practical one, were of Wadham: here, likewise, the Royal Society is thought to have germinated, under that reverend projector.

With its back upon Wadham lies Trinity College, remarkable for little besides the chapel, and this for little besides the Pope monument, and some exquisite wood-cutting by Grinlin Gibbons. Dean Aldrich is thought to have hatched the nave from a design already laid by Wren, who built the garden-court. Much prettier than either, to my Gothic taste, is 'Kettel Hall' adjacent, with its peaked roof, triple windows, and old-fashioned doorcase, overgrown with that sweetest shrub of the sweetest name—'virgin's bower,' otherwise clematis, or 'traveller's joy.' Close beside Trinity is Balliol College, founded by the father of Scotland's traitor king. It has a tower gateway, which, for want of a little taste, or liberality, is not one of the most picturesque features of Oxford. A beautiful bay window in the first quadrangle, a mitre (or ogee door), and a pinnacle tower, hooded with ivy, in the garden, are its chief attractions. Balliol side-front is bald modern, facing down a broad handsome road, lined partly with noble elms, beneath the umbrage of which you see the pointed attic of St. John's College, and above their roots its portal, sunken below the road level. Not to be technical where avoidable, I will only remark the aforesaid attic as a specimen of that incubus architecture which sits upon so many of our antique edifices, to their all suffocation. Archbishop Chichele's roof is marked by a cornice (or corbel-table) over the second story, yet this was either not observed, or not understood, or despised, by the garret architect, his successor. Within both quadrangles the genius of Inigo Jones whelped a still more unsightly monster than dullness did upon the front—cumbrous Italian arcades in the midst of old English architecture! He succeeded far better with the garden-front, where his imitation of the latter style, however vague, has a finer effect than his portico of St. Paul's could have had in the same place. His embayed windows, richly under-run with tracery,

and over-run with yet more fantastic foliage, now in September beauty of tint, command the gardens where the real charm of St. John's College resides. They are the most celebrated in Oxford.

On the great road fronting St. John's are three small ancient churches, at a short distance from each other: St. Giles's, with several lancet-headed windows, in an early compound manner; St. Mary Magdalen's, of a middle date, its southern flank adorned by noble large windows of broader point and branching arteries, as also a beautiful open-work parapet, now but a mere fragment, in tremulation at every wind, and the hand of the restorer at work beneath it; St. Michael's, with a very ancient rubble tower and elegant porch, having a canopied niche at one side, and a pierced frontlet of quatrefoils above. I have neither time nor room to specify in these churches various other dwelling-points for the admiration and examination of dilettanti. Near St. Michael's was the Bocardo prison, of infamous celebrity, where Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley were confined, and from which the first beheld his fellow-captives exhibit a too lively prefiguration of his own sufferings. All three were burnt in front of Balliol College, not far distant.

Worcester College, at a different side of the great road, has gardens as large as St. John's, and as prospectively beautiful as these are at present. Nothing else very noticeable about it, save extreme quietude, and a row of small, gray, primitive study-houses, among the most antique in Oxford,—covered so deep on one side with ivy, that spectacled readers sitting in the window seem at roost there, like so many round-eyed "birds of wisdom." A modern heap of edification takes up the principal site; but the row of humble cells, the pleasant gardens, and the quietude, are still the charm of little Worcester.

We have now come nearly round from Maudlin College to Oxford Castle, leaving on our right the Ratcliffe Observatory, imitated from the Tower of the Winds at Athens, and, indeed, looking somewhat like a windmill without sails,—as also the New Printing Office, an extensive building with handsome portal and screen-façade in the classic taste. Cylinder and common presses are used here, the greater employment of which is printing Bibles and Prayer-books. Oxford Castle, a huge square Norman tower of grey rubble, steeply overhangs the Hythe stream, and the site of Osney (quasi *Oxen-ey*) Abbey, once the ecclesiastical citadel here, now laid even with the dust. Much of its ancient function is performed by the Castle, which has been simply converted from the stern keep of that broad-landed baron, Robert D'Oilli, into a gaol for perhaps no greater ruffians than his retinue.

"Pennyless-Bench," the resort of sauntering beggars and sitters i' the sun, moreover in antiquarian eyes the chief beauty of St. Martin's Church, is, alas! gone—and nothing but a new nave built instead of it! Carfax monument, once at the meeting of four central streets, (hence, perhaps, its name, *quatre-voies*), has also been removed—to Nuneham Park, with a dry-eyed adieu from virtuosos, as a piece of illegitimate Gothic. Descending Castle-street you find yourself at once between Pembroke and Christchurch Colleges. The former contains little remarkable but a church *outside* of it, formerly its chapel, and still in its gift—St. Aldate's, of immemorial antiquity. It is a venerable remnant, decorated within by an alabaster hierarch on his tomb, and disfigured without by a heavy incumbent attic over the original aisle. Immediately opposite to this humble house of God stands the proud Cathedral-College of Wolsey.

A façade, four hundred feet long, turreted at both ends, and having at the middle a triumphal gate, tower upon tower like Lord Peter's triple hat, admits you beneath this promontory of architecture into the grand quadrangle of Christchurch. Wolsey had got up as far as the buttress-pinnacles of his gate when he fell from his own proud eminence; the rest was finished by Wren. He has not played the *Goth* here as at Westminster, but raised a noble and picturesque tower, without any classical spots of sufficient magnitude to ruffle the temper of amiable dilettanti. His work well sustains the ancient title of "Payre Gate," applied to Wolsey's structure, though perhaps scarce equal in style to the magnificent buttress-towers of the latter. An exquisite piece



of fan-work tracery enriches the portal roof; while the tower itself might well spare Queen Anne's statue to the limekiln. From the belfry one hundred and one strokes every night toll in the foundation students, who are of this number: during the present deep solitude of the city, few sounds could be more awful, except it were St. Paul's tolling at the time of a Great Plague, or the tocsin of Notre Dame at some midnight rebellion. "Great Tom" is a burden-bell, (*bourdonner*, to hum,) about seven feet by six in the womb, which belonged to Osney, and was recast with a futile inscription for the original—"In Thomæ laude resonat Bim Bom sine fraude."† From this huge specimen of a "sounding alchemy" the Tom-gate has grown into a general and grave appellation.

Round the quadrangle, of old English architecture, has been preposterously put a classic balustrade, instead of the appropriate battlement, which Dr. Fell might have found delineated in 'Neale's View,' had he sought the fitting ornament there, rather than in Palladio. Still greater pity, because the evil is irremediable, that Wolsey's stupendous design of a cloister round this quadrangle should have been too much for the little souls of his successors: we can still trace the noble arcades, now filled up, and admire the slim clustered pillars which were to have propped them. Nevertheless, so grand a conventual square does not exist in England, nor, I believe, in Europe. Under the Cardinal's statue, turning with dogmatic appeal to Heaven from the crosier which he holds, you pass into a staircase hall, of extreme beauty, though not antique, its ceiling of admirable fan-work sustained by a single column at the centre, yet more elegant. A noble lobby leads into the principal Hall, an immense timber-vaulted Gothic room,—the Westminster Hall of Oxford. Numerous portraits, of all gradations in excellence but the higher, adorn it, hanging forth the dignitaries of church and state who have dined here to the gaze of distracted visitors. 'Dr. Nichol,' by Reynolds, perhaps among the best; 'Canning,' by Lawrence, among the worst, (a faded fine gentleman); and two Holbeins, amongst the most curious, if they could be inspected. An oriel window is ascribed to Wolsey, having much of his prodigal stateliness about it.

For a chapel to his College, Wolsey chose a Cathedral; the great old church of St. Frideswide, which he cut down, with as little ceremony as he would a hulk, to his purpose. This is the metropolitan of Oxford,—dates from Saxon times, and has some proofs of them in the small, round-headed, blind windows of the spire, even if the nave, with its stalwart pillars and squat fassetto-arcades, be pronounced Norman. A ponderous stone roof harmonizes with the clumsiness, though not the style, of the walls; rich old dim religious windows, of splendid patch-work, cast their shadowy mosaic on the floors; a very poor specimen, by Price, is thought to decorate the choir,—a better, by Oliver, in the north aisle, presents us with Raphael's 'St. Peter released'; a clair-obscure, by Van Linge, throws a fine grey hue over the Divinity Chapel, and others are scattered through the church. St. Frideswide, prioress of this place before it was collegiate, died in 740, and her shrine, a canopied ark of two stories, well bespeaks the sex of the saint, by its elegant lightness and profuse embroidery. It is of later date however. Sir Henry de Bathe, who died in 1252, reposes on a rude slab, himself as rude, armed cap-a-pie as for a new-world adventure,—with plated graves and sleeves, thought to be among the earliest examples of this defence. Prior Guimond and Lady Montacute lie between these two monuments. Opposite, on a column, is the bust of Robert Burton, who anatomized his grief to amuse it, with his own horoscope beneath, and the mournfullest of all inscriptions written by himself in Latin:—

Known to few, to fewer unknown,  
Here lies Democritus Junior,  
To whom was Life and Death  
Melancholy.

† Among the many projects for an universal language, perhaps that taken from the vocabulary of bells might not be the most extravagant; it would be of wide acceptance and immediate meaning. The two expressive words quoted above from Great Tom's mouth, have, perhaps, the same sense everywhere, as appears from the sonorous reply in a French fugue:—

Frère-a Jacques! frère-a Jacques!  
Dormez-vous? dormez-vous?  
Sonnez la matina! sonnez la matina!—  
Bim-bom-boo! bim-bom-boo!

A fine statue of Dr. Cyril Jackson, by Chantrey, sits in isolation, for want of wall-space I was told, about mid aisle: connoisseurs might, perhaps, detect it as copied from a picture instead of the original, by the somewhat irresolute modelling, which is not a common fault of this artist; but the general character has much verisimilitude.

Outside the southern aisle, as corner-stone at the foot of a buttress, was discovered, not long since, on removing some rubbish, the altar or reliquary of St. Frideswide, in which her bones are said to have been once enshrined, and which was thus concealed during the reign of our sacrilegious pietists—the Reformers. Rude scriptural grotesques emboss the surface, but their curious beauty antiquarians alone can savour and enjoy.

From the Chapter House strangers are excluded, because it contains the Treasury, and perhaps also one of the finest specimens of lancet Gothic in the kingdom,—dean-and-chapter policy ever being to keep the people, on matters of taste, in the bliss of ignorance, and, as far as possible, what they have always been—semi-barbarians. The door, however, is not concealed, except by a coat of thick white-wash: it is of the beautiful zigzag archivolt, either Saxon or Norman.

Peckwater Court, a heavy piece of low-classic, joined on to the Gothic quadrangle, in supercilious ignorance of its style, and blindness to its beauties, offers little for remark but the Library. This, together with its literary furniture, contains a good bust or two by moderns; a bronze antique bust of Modius, very fine; a noble group, said to be Grecian, beautiful enough, but methinks short of Grecian perfection; and a variety of vile paintings, relieved by some few rarities for their age or excellence. 'Heads,' by Mantegna, of profound expression and design; 'Christ in the Temple,' a pretty little thing, like Del Sarto, spoiled by neglect; two or three capital Holbeins; a Vandeyk 'Scipio,' &c. But the four 'Heads' in distemper, from Raphael's Cartoons, render this, otherwise wretched collection, pre-eminent. Two are of women, two of men: one of the former, which Hazlitt calls 'Rachel weeping for her Children,' is a mother from the 'Slaughter of the Innocents,' that which he calls the finer, and celebrates for its "scrutinizing nose," as if it were the face of a pig, is perhaps a copy, the original being in the 'Beautiful Gate' at Hampton Court. Nothing of Raphael's has quite so grand a character as these heads; if they have less sublimity, they have more beauty, than Michael Angelo's Delphic Sibyl. A valuable cabinet of Drawings makes part of the Peckwater collection; but this, too, is graciously closed against the public by the testator's care, lest we should be infected with the refinements of civilization.

Canterbury quadrangle agrees with Peckwater in uninteresting heaviness: we are delivered from it by Canterbury Gate—a handsome back-entrance, after the design of Wyatt. I have only to add here, that Christchurch fields are of noble extent, but an open sewer on one side diminishes their salubrity, and does not augment their beauty.

On the right, adjoining Christchurch, stands Corpus Christi College, with a new façade repeating the rich old one, and remarkable for a Rubens altarpiece in its chapel; a low-roofed, worm-eaten, venerable library, that seems, indeed, the very Paradise of book-worms; and not much besides. Opposite Corpus is Oriel College, a structure well corresponding to its monastic name by its air of solitary gloom and seclusion: it does appear to receive all its light from dim oriel windows; such a sombreness reigns over its halls and corridors, even during the breadth of day. Oriel is, *par excellence*, the reading college of Oxford, as All Souls is (I believe *not par excellence*) the idle. Oriel Fellows are eligible from the whole University, while other colleges, being founded for particular families or places, are, to a greater or less degree, close-boroughs of education: hence, perhaps, the general pre-eminence of Oriel. It is built in a fantastic, yet impressive style, with the roof of many gables, knotted atop, and with a large portico, above which the Virgin and two Edwards are placed, like symbolic sand-glasses, to point out the decay of time by their gradual crumbling. Within a lesser court we have an Ionic building,—elegant, simple, and commodious, but sadly out of character amidst the picturesque edifices round. A Parthenon itself

would be misplaced here: Mr. Wyatt should have had taste enough to discern this, if it could not be expected from the learned society that employed him.

Next to Corpus is Merton—time-honoured Merton College—looking out upon Christchurch fields from its lofty terrace, like the mistress of that broad domain. A public road, however, shuts her out from the possession, though not the prospect: her own garden is a green esplanade, set with majestic trees, among which, we can well conceive, thought must attain a kindred exaltation and dignity. No walk in Oxford has a more exclusive, aristocratic air: the romantic visitant may picture to herself none but tall, slender youths, of Norman stateliness, leaning in graceful *cunni* against these stems, or sauntering in studious negligence between them: alas for sentimentalism! almost all the noblemen are at Christ Church. Merton is more distinguished by its *post-masters*—certain peculiar exhibitioners so-called. The Warden's lady has a parterre to herself, into which you step down from this esplanade, and an elegant suite of darkling rooms, through which you pass into the great quadrangle. Nothing here, or in the second court, of much moment: in the third, classically denominated *Mob Quadrangle*, you see a very peak-roofed, small edifice, undershot by a groined passage, which, being old and curious, merits particular notice. By far the oldest library in Oxford is also here: it possesses, with many rare et ceteras, a Caxton's Chaucer, but not to be profaned by common eye, even, like a nun, through a grating. Upon the embattled entrance-tower, by which you go round to the Chapel, a piece of Gothic sculpture should be observed, and rich Gothic canopies, containing statues of Henry III. and Walter de Merton, the founder.

Merton Chapel, though but the choir and half transept of the original design, is a noble and beautiful structure. That transept now forms the principal chapel: its east window, one of the three Catherine-wheel specimens preserved in England, is more admirable for dimensions than proportions—for tracery than painting. Pulpit monuments, on which are engraven those venerable black-letter names, Bodley and Savile, encumber the chancel with architecture out of place with it, while a huge rug of tapestry between them is drawn, like a coverslout, over what would be appropriate. A mat likewise conceals a fine monumental cross at the choir-entrance; some gorgeously emblazoned saints and martyrs are *not* blacked out of the side windows. Antony à Wood, another Athenian name, lends still greater interest to the simple and elegantly proportioned ante-chapel. The tower, not lofty, but large, not recent, but partly restored, forms one of the grand features which make Oxford, far and near, so imposing.

University College, in the High Street, claims foundation from Alfred, and disputes antiquity of erection with Merton, which, nevertheless, I believe, may better pretend to be dowager college of Oxford. University is of Oriel architecture. Some good Flaxmans in the chapel, and much exquisite carving.

#### To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—I find in your 474th Number, for November 26th, the following words:—"According to the *Morning Register*, an improvement in the galvanic apparatus has been lately made by the Rev. Dr. Callan, Professor of Mathematics in Maynooth College. Hitherto it was believed that the effects in galvanism, which require high intensity—as the ignition or decomposition of imperfect conductors—could not be produced without a large number of galvanic circles, not to be procured but at a large cost, nor brought into action without a very considerable expenditure for acid. Both these inconveniences are said to be obviated by Dr. Callan's improvement; so that, for a few pounds, an apparatus may be constructed, capable of producing effects fully equal to those of an ordinary battery." I had known such accounts to be published several times lately in the newspapers; but, although they were not, and I am sure could not be, ascribed to Dr. Callan—as I have the pleasure of calling him my friend, I felt a difficulty in taking any notice of them, particularly as I supposed that if they should meet his eyes he would set the public right in the matter; besides, I believed the scientific world would not be mistaken; but when I found that the error had got into your Journal, though merely as a quotation, I could no longer leave it uncorrected. Dr. Callan is too honourable not to be pleased at the truth being known, and too talented to require for his fame the continuance of a falsehood. I have all along suspected that the articles in the newspapers, which ascribed to him the discoveries they contained, were written by some injudicious friend, and unknown to him.

The real facts are simply these:—In the early part of this year I exhibited, and described, an apparatus substantially the same as that ascribed to Dr. Callan, in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society, at one of its evening scientific meetings, and made public experiments with it. This apparatus I afterwards showed to Dr. Callan, who, like many others, seemed not easily to credit what I described as its effects until they witnessed them. On seeing these, he requested me to lend it to him, that he might show it to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Down, formerly Professor of Mathematics in Maynooth College, and make some experiments himself with it. He retained it for some time. I must be aware of Dr. Callan's subsequent experiments, which are not private, since I have manufactured for him a large portion of his extensive apparatus, some of which lies at this moment just finished in my laboratory.

In the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine* for this month, is given an account, dated June 16, 1836, of the paper and apparatus submitted to the Dublin Society. There is a paper, dated August 23, 1836, by Dr. Callan, in the same number; the experiments detailed in this are, I presume, those alluded to in your journal. It contains an account of a new galvanic battery, but Dr. Callan by no means asserts that it is new in principle, or may be constructed for a few pounds. His application of my electro-galvanic helix to this battery, is new in the same sense as the battery itself is new—it is new as to size, and slightly different in some of the details: the advantage of this difference this is not the place to examine.

In the account of the proceedings of the British Association at Bristol, published in No. 461 of the *Athenæum*, in the abstract of my paper are found the following words:—"A shock and spark are obtained by means of an electro-magnet, only after battery communication is broken." &c. Here the galvanic phenomenon is described, and the capability of the electro-magnetic apparatus for creating intensity, &c. shown in the shock, and the ignition of the mercury which causes the brilliant spark: after the detail of some other facts, the perfect demagnetization of the bar—if the helix contain one—is mentioned as necessary to the full effect; then I am found declaring, that the facts mentioned "would lead to a very simple and effective electrical apparatus, one easily managed and always ready for use." This is the *very apparatus* since ascribed to the ingenuity of Dr. Callan,—the length and number of the coils with a given calorimeter has an effect on the shock and spark." The law which governs that effect I had not at that time leisure to examine, and this is what Dr. Callan has developed in his experiments. The fact of increased power, with an increase in the number of the galvanic circles, followed from what I said at the same time—"a to zinc, its inductive action on the wire suddenly ceases, by the contact with the battery being interrupted, the disturbed equilibrium of the [electricity] of the wire is suddenly restored;" evidently the effect is ascribed to the disturbance of electrical equilibrium in the wire, which disturbance is obviously greater with several pairs of plates than with one, since the inductive action of the electricity on the wire, as it passes through, will be greater; and my end was attained by examining the effect of one pair of plates, as the effect of many might then be easily supposed. The effect in the apparatus, ascribed to Dr. Callan, is increased by suddenly and several times successively breaking battery connexion. This also was done in my apparatus exhibited at the Royal Dublin Society, and to Dr. Callan; since I contrived that one of the connecting wires should dip into a cup of mercury in such a manner, that on being struck, it would, by its own elasticity, vibrate rapidly several times, leaving the mercury, and, of course, breaking the connexion each time.

Your obedient servant,

JAMES WILLIAM M'GAULEY.

Dublin, 79, Marlborough-street.  
Nov. 30, 1836.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

Our gossip this week must be by the "seasoned;" our table is covered with Toys, Games, and other announcements of coming Christmas, in such abundance, that, but for the inopportune number of the Almanacks, with their tax tables and other graver matters, we should have thought it necessary to have devoted a whole *Athenæum* to the special use and entertainment of our young friends. Among the foremost of these caterers for fireside and holiday entertainment is Mr. Spooner, who offers *The Chaplet of Chivalry*, a game founded, as he informs us, on the ancient "Passage of Armes, or Tournaments," and in which we are introduced to the Knight of the Lily, and the Knight of the Lion—are present at the election of the Queen of Love and of Beauty, the Challenge, the Encounter, the Victory, and the Crowning. Should "the holiday folk" grow weary of splintering lances, shattering helmets, and the sound of trumpets and of triumphs, there is speculation and astonishment for their wearied spirit in the *Enorthrope*, which, by a turn of its magic circle, transforms deformity into beauty, and unintelligible figures into interesting pictures. Mr. Westley, too, offers for further amusement the *Paigian*, with sixty-five figures, which can be placed in any of twelve views, so as to form an infinite variety of domestic scenes. We ought not perhaps to include in this catalogue, but we do so for want of better oppor-

tunity, Mr. Alexander's *Graphic Mirror*, an improvement on the Camera Lucida, which will enable persons unaccustomed to drawing to take correct sketches from nature; an instrument which has heretofore received our word of commendation, and is well suited for a present to the elder branches of the family.

As to the Almanacks, with their "wise saws" and uncomfortable admonitions, their name is Legion. We have *The British, The Household, and The Working Man's*, all published by the Diffusion Society, and all well suited to their purpose. To these we may add *Poor Richard's*, the *Temporis Calendarium*, *The National, The Useful, and The Paragon*;—*Tilt's Hat Almanack* is known to our readers, the first number having appeared among the advertisements in this paper. We have also *The Sunday Almanack* to bind up with our Prayer Books; *The Diamond* with its miniature type, and *The Miniature* one-third the size of the Diamond, with others published by Messrs. Oliver & Boyd, compiled with special reference to the wants of our northern neighbours. And, to conclude, we have *The Comic Almanack*, with Mrs. Figgins, to whose domestic felicities and seasonable congratulations we beg leave to introduce the reader.

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's a bundle of "little accounts";  
And their bearers left word they'd be glad  
If you'd settle their little amounts.

They've all got "large sums" to "make up,"  
And cannot wait longer, they swear:  
So I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's the doctor's—a horrid long bill—

And he vows he's as badly as you;

For his patients won't pay him a groat,  
And he's dying of *Tick's* Doloureux.

But he says he's consulted a friend,  
A lawyer that lives very near:

So I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The surgeon's is not a whit less;

At its items I really shiver!

A hundred for Sally's confinement;

A hundred to "Bill delivered."

A hundred for mixtures and pills  
(I think it's uncommonly dear):

But I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The baker has brought you a roll

Which will take you a month to digest:

He looks most uncommonly crusty,

And says that, of all trades, he's the best!

If a baker's is not the most *bready*;

And hints at John *Dough*; and I fear—

But I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

The poultry's his "Game Bill" has brought:

This year's—and last year's in addition.

Twelve guineas for Black-cock alone,

Which I think is a *grouse* imposition.

Ten guineas for pheasants and hares!

And he charges his ven'son as *deer*.

But I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

Here's your butcher—the city M. P.—

Begs to "ax leave to bring in his bill."

It takes up six folio pages:

Good heavens! it's as long as a will.

He says times are quite out of joint;

And he must have the cash: so, my dear,

I wish you the joys of the season—

Merry Christmas and happy New Year!

And, oh dear! here's a note from your steward!

He says your estate he's been round,

And examined your books and your papers,

And you can't pay a crown in the pound.

There's writs out against you by scores;

You're surrounded by tipstaves and bums;

So I wish you, my love, a good Christmas!

And a happy New Year—when it comes!

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

The Society met on Thursday, F. Baily, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

The time of the meeting was chiefly occupied in the reading of the minutes of the proceedings of the Anniversary Meeting, comprising: 1. The Address of His Royal Highness the President, to the Society. 2. Biographical sketches of the Fellows deceased during the last year, with an account of their scientific and literary labours. 3. Report of the proceedings of the Council during the past year. 4. Announcement of the awards of two Copley Medals, and two Royal Medals, with an account of the spe-

cific grounds on which such awards had, in each instance, been made. 5. Result of the ballot for the election of Council and Officers for the ensuing year.

The sequel of Mr. Graham's paper on the Constitution of Salt was read.

Mr. M'Kenzie, who, in default of the payment of contributions due by him to the Society, had forfeited his seat, was, on the payment of those arrears, and on his petitioning to be re-admitted, put to the ballot, and re-elected into the Society.

##### ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

Dec. 3.—The general meetings of this Society for the session recommenced this day. Col. James Law Lushington, C.B., in the chair.

A large number of presents was laid upon the table. Amongst those which attracted the most attention were the following:—a beautifully-written MS. of a Hindû play, in the Sanscrit language, with finely executed illustrative drawings, and a manuscript grammar of the Pracrita language; a Chinese map of the Imperial City; a lithographed edition of the *Vendidad*, one of the sacred books attributed to Zoroaster; the original stone brought from Nubia, bearing the Latin acrostic, a *fac-simile* of which was printed in the third volume of the Society's Transactions; a stuffed specimen of the puff-adder; specimen of the sawfish; stuffed specimens of the *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, male and female, from New South Wales; various articles used by the Hindûs at their religious festivals; the skin of a boa-constrictor, more than thirteen feet in length; Malay Kreeses; a quiver of poisoned arrows, used by the aborigines inhabiting the forests in the interior of the Malay peninsula, accompanied by packets of the Upas poison; and a sampitan, or tube, six feet long, through which the arrows are blown.—A letter from General Sir Henry Worsley was read by the Secretary, in which the General, after adverting to the many occasions of late in which the funds of the Society had been found inadequate to the highly useful purposes contemplated, begged the Society's acceptance of a bank post bill for 100*l.*, to be appropriated in the way that might be deemed best calculated to promote the utility, and enhance the reputation, of the institution. Special thanks were ordered to be returned to Sir Henry for his very liberal donation. Col. E. L. Smythe, of the Madras Army, was elected a resident member; Dr. Campbell, of the Nepal Residency, and M. Bojer, of the Isle of France, as corresponding members.

A paper was read on the subject of the Thugs, a caste of murderers and robbers known also by the names of Phansigars and Badheks, who have, from time immemorial, infested India. Ample details respecting these wretches have appeared in the *Asiatic Researches* (vol. xii. p. 250), and in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. i.; but the paper now read is interesting from its being the production of a gentleman whose peculiar position, as a sort of agent among that extraordinary people, enabled him to furnish more accurate accounts than have yet been published. This gentleman (Lieut. Reynolds, of the Madras Army) was employed by the Resident at Hyderabad in the detection of these murderers, in which his success was remarkable. Three hundred of them were brought to Hyderabad in 1833, when Col. Smythe, who communicated the paper to the Society, was at that place; and the personal observations of Lieut. Reynolds enabled him to verify many circumstances which had appeared too horrible to be believed.

The object of the Thugs is booty, and the means by which they attain it, murder. They never rob without first depriving their victim of life, nor do they ever shed blood, their only method being strangulation. They never use violence to get their victim within their power, but employ the mediation of such of their body as are smooth-tongued, and plausible in their address, to decoy travellers, who are strangled at a moment when they least expect it—when sitting at meat, perhaps, with their murderers, or engaged in apparently friendly conversation. The victims are studiously scattered about the encampment of the Thugs, and each one is seated by an expert strangler; all the party present are murdered at the same moment; and it is a matter of boast with them, that this is done so simultaneously



that no man is aware of the fate of his companions.

The Thugs are very superstitious, and directed in their proceedings by the observance of omens, some of which are similar to those of ancient times in Europe. A snake crossing the path of a Thug about to commit a murder, saves the intended victim for the moment; and a traveller will occasionally be accompanied for several days, in apparently the most friendly manner, until the favourable sign is observed. The organization of the Thugs is one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the system. They have a close correspondence with each other throughout India, and each party communicates to such other bodies as may be likely to follow in their path, the way they themselves are going, and the success they have obtained. Much of this correspondence is said to be carried on by the mediation of the religious mendicants who wander through the country; and much is also communicated by tokens known only to themselves. The fire-places they make use of are of a peculiar form, and one party is thereby made acquainted with the passage of another in the same direction. When two roads branch off, the Thugs always leave a sign at the place of departure, indicative of the road they have themselves followed.

The wealth obtained by these men is great, but is always expended in extravagant debauchery, and in the adornment of their persons. They are exceedingly anxious to make a respectable appearance, and even when on trial for their lives, make that their principal concern. They are also very solicitous not to be considered thieves, and earnestly request that the epithet may be erased from the documents describing them, and that of Thug substituted.

It is impossible to calculate the extent to which this system has been carried in India; but some idea of the truth may be formed from the circumstance that some of the Thugs, who have been seized, confess to their having been in the habit of accompanying parties of more than a hundred men on their expeditions, and that they have aided in putting to death their tens and twenties daily during all the time.

It is very satisfactory to be enabled to state, that, although by no means extirpated, the Thugs are greatly on the decline in all those parts of India immediately under the English government, and that the information communicated by Lieut. Reynolds has been obtained in the country of the Nizam, where, as he remarks, they are more careless about the concealment of their victims than elsewhere; for, although the body of a murdered man may be found, no one takes the trouble of inquiring about the matter.

Lieut. Reynolds concluded his paper by remarking that the life of no single traveller, in any of the roads of the country, has been safe, and but a slight chance has been afforded to large parties of escaping the fangs of the blood-thirsty demons who have frequented them.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

Dec. 8.—W. R. Hamilton, Esq., V.P., in the chair.

The Secretary read a letter from Mr. Kempe, containing notices of some Roman and other antiquities in the metropolis. He accounted for the paucity of the ruins of Roman London by the builders in the Middle Ages having converted such remains to their own purposes, and particularly in ecclesiastical architecture; the stones of the Temples of Vesta and others having been used in the erection of places for Christian worship. He also described a specimen of the Roman age, taken up recently in the excavations of Christ's Hospital, being a fluted pillar of 4½ or 5 feet in diameter, having bands of pendent leaves of the lotus-kind. During the reign of Henry III. in the year 1239, the Franciscan friars were first known to settle in London, which they did on this spot, where they built a spacious church, probably on the ruins of a former edifice. In 1819 some extensive Roman vaults were discovered in St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the head of an Apollo in Foster Lane. Remnants of the old city wall have been discovered under the apartments of the old Christ's Hospital; and traces show that the ditch went along the course of the north line of the new front of the building,

and thence to the south. Several bones and coins, of interest to the antiquary, were found near this spot.

A communication was read from Mr. Diamond, accompanying a specimen of an early mezzotint engraving of Augusta Charlotte, daughter of Charles I., and containing some remarks, to prove that M. Seign was the inventor of this art, and not Prince Rupert, to whom the credit is generally assigned. The likeness bore a great resemblance to Charles II., and, indeed, to the whole Stuart family.

#### LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 15.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., V.P., in the chair.

A letter was read from Mr. Nicholson, giving a description of a young Hawfinch, just fledged, which was observed at Lullingstone, in Kent, in the month of June last, accompanied by the two parent birds, proving that the species occasionally breeds in this country. A communication was read from Mr. Schomburgk, being a description of the *Pithecia leucocephala*, a species of monkey found in British Guiana, as also a notice by the same on the identity of two supposed genera of orchideous plants.

Dec. 6.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—A notice from the chairman was read, on the culture of the peruvian grain called *Quinoa*, which was formerly cultivated to a considerable extent in Upper Peru, as a substitute for corn, and flourishing well at an elevation of 13,000 feet, where extensive fields of this plant were seen. Its cultivation in Lower Peru and Chili has, however, considerably diminished since the introduction of corn from Europe. Two species were exhibited from the garden of Mr. Lambert, at Boydon Park, Wiltshire, for one of which, the Black *Quinoa*, he proposed the name of *Chenopodium altissimum*; the stems exceeding twelve feet in height, and being more hardy and prolific than the white variety. A paper from Prof. Don was read, on two species of the natural order Coniferae. One of these, the *Pinus Brutia*, from Calabria, was described as nearly related to the maritime pine of Greece, the tree obtaining a considerable size, and yielding timber of an excellent quality. The other species was the *Araucaria Cunninghamii*, generally called the Morton Bay pine, from the east coast of New Holland, where it was first observed by Banks and Solander in the first voyage of Capt. Cook. This last was closely related to the Norfolk Island pine, and belonged to a genus exclusively confined to New Holland.

#### ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 1.—Capt. Bowles, R.N., V.P. in the chair.

The total receipts of the past month were stated as 382l. 16s.; and the expenditure, 1237l. on the gardens, 101l. on the museum, and 241l. on the general establishment. The donations to the menagerie were, a brown coatamundi, a rein-deer, and three rattle-snakes; and the number of visitors was 3067, from whom 89l. 12s. had been received. In conformity with the recommendation of the previous meeting, the council appended a list of the number of animals, with their diminution by mortality in the last month. On the 1st of November, the total number of specimens was 1037, of which 13 had died, and 2 had been killed by accident. On the present day the collection contained 295 mammalia, 697 birds, and 25 reptiles, making a total of 1017 specimens.

#### HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Dec. 6.—The results of some further experiments were communicated to the meeting, which had been made in the Society's garden, during the last season, on the growth of the potato, and which had the advantage not only of giving some fresh views of this interesting subject, but of corroborating many which had already been taken previously. The three points now more particularly attended to, have been, 1st, the time of planting; 2nd, the produce yielded by the whole tuber, by the base, or by its apex; and, 3rd, the most desirable depth for the plantation. The first week in March was found superior to the later periods resorted to; the produce from the points of the tubers greater in proportion to the other parts; and a similar benefit from the plantation made at the depth of six inches.

A very excellent collection of plants, &c., were on the tables for exhibition, and the following obtained Knightian medals: the *Luculia gratissima* from A.

Palmer, Esq., the *Poinsettia pulcherrima* from Mrs. Laurence, the *Begonia insignis*, &c. from Sir E. Antrous, Bart., the *Euphorbia Jacquiniflora* from Messrs. Low, the *Catleya guttata* from R. Harrison, Esq., *Jersey chrysanthemums* from Messrs. Chandler, and the Providence pine-apples from Mr. Lyne.

Lady A. Baird was elected a Fellow of the Society.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 5.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S., President, in the chair.

The minutes of the last meeting having been read and confirmed, a list of numerous donations, from the Zoological and Royal Geographical Societies, the Entomological Society of France, and the Imperial Academy of Sciences at Moscow, &c. was read. A fine collection of insects from the interior of British Guiana, was also upon the table, communicated by Mr. Schomburgk. Various interesting exhibitions were made by different members in the course of the meeting, including specimens of the *Chartergus nidulans*, a wasp which suspends its nest on the boughs of the summits of the highest trees in South America, &c.; and *Chalcis pyramidea*, a parasitic insect, of nearly equal size with the former, and which inhabits its nest. Specimens of the larvæ of *Agrotis segetis* were exhibited by Mr. Yarrell, who stated that they had been communicated to him by an agricultural friend, near Saffron Walden, where they had proved very injurious to the crops of turnips. An original autograph letter of Linnaeus to Drury was also exhibited, giving an account, amongst other things, of a species of *Cestrus*, which is found in the abdomens of the Indians of South America. Specimens, also, of a new species of *Aphis*, found upon the plants of nut-grass (a species of *Cyperus*, apparently unknown to botanists), raised at the Society's apartments, were exhibited; and it was stated, that the nut-grass was as destructive in the West Indies as the cane-fly, completely choking the young plants, so that premiums were offered for sifting the earth from the nut-like seeds. The memoirs read were, 1. Some account of the Coleopterous Insects of the Scilly Islands, by Mr. Holme. 2. Monograph upon the genus *Scleroderma* of Klug, by Mr. Westwood. 3. Memoir upon the Natural History of the *Apatura Iris*, by the late Dr. Pallas, originally communicated by Mr. Baker to the Aurelian Society of London. 4. Extract of a letter from Mr. M'Barnet, communicated by Mr. Johnstone, relative to the Habits of the Mole Cricket of St. Vincent's. 5. Descriptions of various new exotic insects, from the collection of Mr. Darwin, by Mr. Waterhouse.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 1.—The meeting was fully attended, comprising several ladies, members. The certificates for new members were read, and a number of donations to the library, museum, and herbarium were announced by the Secretary. A memoir was then read by Mr. H. A. Meeson, on the formation of Wood, which excited much interest. After the paper had been discussed, the President (J. E. Gray, Esq., F.R.S.) announced that the next meeting would be held on the 15th, when a paper will be read by Dr. McIntyre, F.L.S., 'On Local Botany.'

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—Dec. 5.—J. B. Papworth, Esq., V.P., in the chair. A letter was read, from W. R. Hamilton, Esq. to the Secretary,

stating, that as M. Sarti is employed to make casts of the principal portion of the Elgin Marbles, and that this operation must increase the difficulty of ascertaining the existence or not of any remains of colour upon these monuments, it was extremely desirable that they should be previously examined by competent persons, to verify that such was the case, or that no positive evidence could now be obtained. A letter was also read from Rev. Mr. Forshall, announcing that every facility would be afforded by the Trustees of the British Museum to such an investigation, and, in pursuance of the recommendation of Mr. Hamilton, a committee of sculptors, chemists, and painters, was formed for the purpose of the inquiry.—Mr. Robinson read a paper on oblique arches over and under railways, viaducts, and canals; and a letter was read from Mr. Catherwood, of New York, on the plan of removing houses, extensively carried on in that city, and giving a description of one of four stories, or sixty-five feet high, which was

carried back a distance of twenty yards, for the purpose of widening a street. An excavation is dug to the depth of the foundation along the intended line of removal, and pieces of timber being placed crosswise under the former, and continued to the termination, being well lubricated so as to possess a free sliding surface, the aid of four men to propel by powerful screws is alone required. In this case the operation took merely twelve hours, and was performed at about one quarter of the usual expense.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight, P.M.
MON.	Geographical Society .....	Nine.
	Zoological Society ( <i>Scien. Business</i> ) .....	p. Eight.
TUES.	Medical and Chirurgical Society .....	p. Eight.
	Architectural Society ( <i>Visitors</i> ) .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts ( <i>Illustrations</i> ) .....	Eight.
	Geological Society .....	p. Eight.
WED.	Medico-Botanical Society .....	Eight.
	Literary Fund .....	Three.
	Society of Arts .....	Eight.
THUR.	Royal Society .....	p. Eight.
	Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Botanical Society .....	p. Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

##### DRURY LANE.

This Evening, *THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER*; and *THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS*.  
On Monday, a Tragedy, in which Mr. E. Forrest will appear, being the last Night but two of his engagement.  
Tuesday, *THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER*; and *THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS*.

##### OLYMPIC.

This Evening, *THE TWO FIGAROS*: after which *THE BARRACK ROOM*; to conclude with *HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR*, (Mellie, Mr. Charles Mathews).  
On Monday, *THE OLD GENTLEMAN*: after which *THE BARRACK ROOM*; and *HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR*; to conclude with *THE OLYMPIC DEVILS*.

#### MISCELLANEA

*The late Gales.*—[The following communication has been obligingly forwarded to us by the Secretary of the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, by direction of the Committee.]—During the late gales, which visited Birmingham, the force and direction of the wind were most accurately noted by a self-registering anemometer, the invention of Mr. Follett Osler, which that gentleman has lately presented to the Philosophical Institution of this town. By this instrument a constant registry is kept, not only of the direction, but also of the force and velocity, of the wind. A self-registering rain-gauge, attached to the instrument, notes the quantity of the rain, and likewise the precise moment when it falls. On the morning of Monday, November 23, at a quarter past eleven, the wind blew, for about three minutes, from the north-west, with a force equal to 16 lb. on the square foot; and on the following day, at noon, for nearly half an hour, from the north-west, with a force equal to 12 lb. on the square foot. In the published tables of the forces of the wind, a pressure of 17 lb. on the square foot, or a velocity of 60 miles per hour, is characterized as a most violent hurricane.

We are happy to see by the *Hereford Times*, that a Society has been formed at Hereford, to be called the "Herefordshire Natural History, Philosophic, Antiquarian, and Literary Society," and that there is every prospect of its succeeding.

*Temperature.*—The temperature of the globe during the past portion of the year, seems to have varied in different localities. At Riga there has not been so burning a summer for many years. At Philadelphia the cold was intense on the first of June. At Munich the crops have been very abundant. At Paris the orange trees have flowered twice, and the *Journal de France* states, that in many parts of Germany, there has been considerable drought; the water-mills have stood still, and the meadows have been scorched.

*Collections of the Icelandic Travellers.*—According to the records of Iceland, out of a population of 50,000 inhabitants only four murders have taken place since the year 1786, and for 600 years there has been no increase of taxes. The results of the French expedition are briefly summed up as follows:—112 cases containing mammifera, birds, fishes, mollusca, insects, and zoophytes;—a geological and mineralogical collection from the southern, eastern, and northern parts of the island;—a complete Flora of these places;—207 drawings of landscapes, in pencil, water-colours, and sepia;—12 oil sketches;

—32 medicinal and zoological drawings;—150 Icelandic works; forming a total of from 300 to 400 volumes;—a great number of objects of art, manufacture, and curiosity, such as fossil wood, ancient sculptures, instruments of agriculture, and music, dresses, &c. &c.;—8 living animals;—numerous documents concerning natural history, medicine, statistics, language, &c.;—a great many observations, barometrical, thermometrical, and meteorological.

*Colossal Statues.*—The eight colossal statues which are to be placed round the Place de la Concorde in Paris, are intended to represent the eight great cities of France, viz. Bordeaux, Lille, Lyons, Marseilles, Nantes, Rouen, Strasbourg, and Toulouse.

*Greek Institutions.*—A university has just been founded at Corfu; M. Orioli is the professor of natural philosophy. M. Donnando, one of the pupils of M. Bouée, and who explored the Pyrenees with him, is appointed to superintend the museum lately founded at Athens.

*St. Simonians.*—It appears that the company of Pere Enfantin is much diminished: it was composed of twenty-five members—one of whom died a natural death—five of the plague—four have embraced the Mohammedan faith—one has disappeared, no one knows where—and three have quitted Egypt. One of these last, without knowing a word of the language, or turning Turk, has put himself at the head of a caravan of pilgrims, and accompanied it to Mecca. The rest are assisting in the hospitals or public schools, and only Pere Enfantin is unoccupied. He is supported by the sectarians, and especially by Selves, now Soliman Pacha.

*Linden or Lime Tree.*—A gigantic lime tree is now in existence at a little distance from the village of Ivory, half a league from Salins. It is ten feet high from the ground to the commencement of the branches, and thirty-five feet in circumference at that part. Its entire height is nearly one hundred feet, and the circle formed by its branches amounts to two hundred and forty-five feet. Its trunk consists of a thick bark, under which is a layer of wood, from fifteen to twenty inches thick; the interior surface is also covered with a bark, which rises from below, and comes down from above, till the two have, in some places, met. The inhabitants ascribe to it the age of eight hundred years, and have cut a door in the trunk, by which means eight people have dined within at a round table. This tree is the more remarkable, as the lime is not famed for its longevity.

*Water Maize.*—A M. Poiteau received some seeds from America, bearing the name of the water maize, which have been successfully sown by M. Neumann, one of the head gardeners in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, and prove to be those of a species of Euryalus. M. Tendonnet, who sent them, accompanied them by the following notice: "A superb plant called Water Maize by the inhabitants of Carriettes, grows in streams, in the manner of the Nympha, and its leaves swim like theirs on the surface of the water. Its flower is white, and the receptacle for the seeds resembles that of the sun-flower. The leaf is round, edged like a sieve, the under part cellular, as if it were gaufré; the whole plant armed with spines and thorns. The leaves are sometimes four feet three inches in circumference, and the receptacle one foot six inches. The seeds are green outside, like peas, white and farinaceous within. Bread is made from these, which are much used when there is a scarcity of corn; they also make excellent tarts. This plant, however, has been already discovered by M. D'Orbigny, and described by M. Adolphe Brongniart in the botanical part of that gentleman's travels. He found it in the province of Moxos, in the republic of Bolivia. He says, that the water will be covered with it for a quarter of a league; that the edges of the enormous leaves are raised, or turned up all round, two inches high, and look like dishes, smooth and shining on the upper surface; their cellular formation underneath being filled with air, they are sustained above water." The magnificent flowers are more than a foot wide, are sometimes white, in other instances violet or rose colour, occasionally double, and yield a delicious perfume.

*Errata.*—In the last report of the Royal Society of Literature, the word *Demus* was misprinted *Demus*. In p. 834, col. 3, l. 35, for *Atychus* read *Asaphus*.

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